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FRESH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM CURRENT LIFE.

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CONQUERING A LION.

(26)

An officer of the French army has written a letter to his brother in this country, giving a graphic account of how it feels to look into a jungle lion's open mouth. The hunter had seen and shot at a superb lion which had made its escape, though the officer felt sure that he had wounded it, and was not disposed to give up the chase. Suddenly on emerging from a thicket he found himself confronted by the lion. He stood about fifty yards away, gazing at his human foe and lashing his flanks with his tail. The officer and his attendant fired, and the beast sprang high in the air, and with a roar went straight at them. The cowardly attendant ran away and left his master to his fate. The officer fired twice in quick succession and hit the lion, but he did not fall. In a second the beast was upon him! He rose to his feet and fired again, full in the lion's face. He saw a frightful, gaping mouth and then he went down under him. He felt the hot breath on his face, and tried desperately but vainly to clutch the big tawny throat. But suddenly, as if by a miracle the lion left him. He saw him standing two yards off looking after his fleeing attendant. The officer dragged himself toward his gun, and with rare coolness aimed and fired at the head of the lion. The beast fell dead just as he was about to return and make an end of the hunter. Though badly wounded the brave young officer is recovering. That is the kind of pluck men need to conquer all the obstacles of life. When once a man's mind is made up to fight the lion of difficulty, he must feel that it is a fight to the death. Men who face their lions in that spirit can work miracles in these days. The Scripture declares that even the devil shall flee from us if we face him with a brave heart.

WAVING THE DANGER SIGNAL.

(27)

A young girl in Colorado, who lives near the railroad track, ran to the door the other evening on hearing the whistle of the coming passenger train. As she looked down the track toward a curve around which the passenger train would soon wind its way, she saw a sight that froze her blood. The outline of a huge boulder lying directly on the track, was distinguishable. The frightened girl rushed to the curve and attempted to remove the boulder, but her frail strength could do nothing. She rushed into the house where a stick of kindling lay near the stove. She poured kerosene over this kindling, and lighting her improvised torch at a lamp she rushed frantically from the house to the track, for the whistle had sounded again and ominously near. She rushed around the little curve and waved her signal in wide circles, and with a quick "down brakes" the belated train stopped three lengths from where the plucky little lifesaver stood. And none too soon, for so great was the momentum that the locomotive crashed into the huge boulder that barred the way and tore away a portion of the pilot. The brave girl had saved a score or more of human lives. It is not always possible for us to roll out of the way the difficulties that threaten our fellowmen with danger and destruction. But it is possible for us to wave the signal lantern, and do our best to stop them from running to ruin. They will not always heed, but we must wave our lantern just the same. God will give us many a grateful heart as harvest for such faithful work.

DANGEROUS LITERATURE.

(28)

A boy committed suicide in Chicago recently by hanging himself to a rafter in the hay loft of a barn. He was known to his companions as "Red Top." A few minutes before a play had been progress in a barn, for admission to which the boys of the neighborhood charged two pennies. The play was called "Red Eric's Revenge," and was written by "Red Top" himself. The scene was laid in a Chicago ghetto. The villain's part was taken by "Red Top." The climax of the play was the suicide of the villain, and thunderous applause greeted his exit from the world. "Boys," said 'Red Top,' coming to the front of the little stage in answer to the cheers, "This is only fun; der'll be a real tragedy here bimeby." Half an hour later "Red Top's body was found hanging to the rafter under which he had committed a stage suicide. The boy's mind had been thoroughly saturated with vile sensational literature and this was the result. Parents and teachers need to watch with the greatest care what children are reading. Vile literature is worse than vile words spoken, for the printed word is read over and over again until it leaves an impression which nothing can eradicate.

CONTENTMENT.

(29)

No grace is more essential to happiness and usefulness than contentment. A recent writer uses this significant illustration of the value of a contented mind. He says that when a man is climbing a mountain he ought to understand that though his ultimate object is to reach the summit, he should enjoy the prospect at every step. If he worries because he is not already at the top, and envies his fellow travelers who he sees on a higher level, his ascent is a constant and painful effort. He spoils the present by thinking over much of the future. His business is to do the best he can, and to get as much pleasure out of the journey as possible. To ruin the satisfaction of having accomplished something, however little it may be, by the bitter thought that his path has peculiar obstacles, is neither good philosophy nor good sense. Let each day bring its own comfort, let him forget the more favored, and find happiness in his own surroundings. If he can only abolish envy and the covetousness which demands large results from small causes, he will have learned the great secret. Fretting is only another name for weakness. Be a whole man in a small place—if it be a small place where God has put you, and force from every day and hour whatever enjoyment it contains, just as the honey bee finds food even in the thistle.

THE REWARD OF PATIENCE.

(30)

No man has stood more abuse for the sake of righteousness and civilization in the farthest Northwest, than Dr. Sheldon Jackson, the heroic home missionary. With the eye of a statesman, Dr. Jackson saw some years ago that the only salvation of the Indians of Alaska was to introduce into that country the reindeer, which would insure them a food supply. He kept at it until he got the government to undertake it, and while the experiment was yet in its infancy, corrupt politicians, and scoundrels who hated him for his war on the liquor traffic, and the protection he sought to give Indian girls against lust, set a large part of the press of the United States at work abusing that unselfish, and devoted man. Dr. Jackson went on steadily, however, doing his duty, and it is now announced that the experiment is entirely successful. The Laplanders, who were brought to Alaska to introduce the reindeer, and to train the Indians to take care of them, have gone home because their work has been successfully accomplished. The herds have rapidly increased until there are now five thousand reindeer in Alaska, and this means tens of thousands in a few years. The incident ought to encourage every man who has a great duty before him to go steadily forward, without regard to the abuse of the wicked or ungrateful.

THE BASEST INGRATITUDE.

(31)

A young lady of Washington, D. C., has recently gone to Bombay, India, to marry a young officer in the English army. He was to have come to this country for his bride, but was taken very ill and had to be away from his regiment so long before he recovered that it was impossible for him to get a leave of absence. So, since he could not come to her, she has yielded to his earnest requests, and makes the long journey to India to meet her beloved. If after this great proof of her love, on her arrival in Bombay, the young officer should spurn her, and refuse to recognize her as his affianced wife, the whole world would cry out at such base ingratitude. And yet how many men and women are doing the same thing in their treatment of the Lord Jesus Christ. Christ put aside all the glory of heaven, and came to earth, and suffered, was spit upon, was crowned with thorns, and died for them, and yet when He comes seeking their love they spurn Him. Surely such ingratitude is unworthy of the human heart.

A MUSICAL CHILD.

(32)

A wonderful interest is aroused, in the scientific and artistic world, over a little child with a remarkable gift of music. It is said that Pipeto Ariola, a three-year-old Spanish child, can play the most difficult classical compositions on the piano without having had any musical training whatever. It is an extraordinary spectacle to see this tiny child solemnly sitting at a piano playing Beethoven's most complicated work with seemingly perfect skill

and taste. The mother is a most devoted musician, and the child seems to have been born not only with the mother's love of music, but an intuitive knowledge of it as well. The child has been before the International Congress of Psychology, the members of which have taken great interest in the case. It suggests the great fact that we are the children of God and we are born into this world with the power and the disposition to worship. There is no soul so poor in its inheritance but the possibility of the spiritual life is there. We are the children of the Highest, and though sin may have blinded the spiritual eye, and made deaf the inner ear, the soul of man belongs to God.

THE SOUL CRIES OUT FOR GOD.

(33)

Some one has well said that the instincts of men who deny a personal God are stronger than their logic. They may fill the air with the cry that there is no God, that we are drifting like fallen logs on the current of chance, but their cry has not the true ring to it. It satisfies no one, and so proves its own falsity. We want something more, and something different if we are to meet the great emergencies of life without being overwhelmed by them. In the dire struggle, in the solemn bereavement, when sorrow enters the house unbidden, and unwelcome, then a man who would persuade us that there is no one to look to for help is in the attitude of a torturing enemy, and his words add to our agony. He may be honest in his doubts, but at such a time we want none of them.

THE MASTER AND THE CHISEL.

(34)

Margaret J. Preston has a very striking little poem entitled "The Master and the Chisel," in which she brings out with great clearness the wisdom of yielding ourselves completely, without protest, into the hands of the Divine Sculptor:

'Tis the Master who holds the chisel;
He knows just where
Its edge should be driven sharpest,
To fashion there
The semblage that he is carving;
Nor will He let
One delicate stroke too many
Or few be set
On forehead or cheek, where only
He sees how all
Is tending—and where the hardest
The blow should fall
Which crumbles away whatever
Superfluous line
Would hinder his hand from making
The work divine.

With tools of Thy choosing, Master,
We pray Thee, then,
Strike just as Thou wilt; as often,
And where, and when
The vehement stroke is needed.
I will not mind,
If only Thy chipping chisel
Shall leave behind
Such marks of Thy wondrous working
And loving skill,
Clear carven on aspect, stature,
And face, as will,
When discipline's ends are over,
Have all sufficed
To mold me into the likeness
And form of Christ.

THE GAYEST FELLOW IN THE WORLD.

(35)

A writer in the Nineteenth Century declares that the Irish peasant is still what Sir Walter Scott called him after the visit of the great novelist to Ireland, "The gayest fellow in the world under difficulties and afflictions." He has a cheerful way of regarding circumstances which to others would be most unpleasant and disheartening. A peasant met with an accident which resulted in a broken leg. The neighbors, of course, commiserated him. "Arrah," he remarked, with a gleam of satisfaction in his eye, as he regarded the bandaged limb, "what a blessing it is that it wasn't me neck." There is inexhaustible happiness and contentment in that kind of a spirit. All the men who are accustomed to having the blues ought to take a lesson at the feet of that Irishman. He looked on the bright side of things and was gay, and I do maintain that it is ever happier, as well as more religious, to be gay than blue in the face of difficulties.

CHARACTER MORE THAN MONEY.

(36)

A pretty little romance, as well as a beautiful glimpse into character, came out recently when ex-Secretary of State John Sherman deeded a large part of his great wealth to his adopted daughter. It recalled the fact that a few years ago Mary Sherman fell in love with a very noble and worthy young man who was only a clerk in the Judicial Department at Washington. He was bright, clear headed, clean hearted, and of good habits. But he had no money. It is a commentary on the wisdom of those noble people, John Sherman and his wife, that they were greatly delighted at their daughter's selection of this young man of high character, from the many men of wealth among her admirers. How many marriages that are loveless, and lead to homes that are only hells on earth, would be avoided if such wisdom was held in universal esteem.

COMRADES AND BROTHERS.

(37)

By a curious chance of empire, when the gates of Peking were shut, when the legations were finally cut off, they closed on two brothers who belonged to quite different branches of the British service, and might have been divided by thousands of miles—Dr. Wordsworth Poole, the medical officer of the legation, and his younger brother, an officer in one of the companies sent forward at the last moment to guard the legations. The story of these two brothers reads like the romance of the Corsican brothers. Wherever one is in danger the other seems to be sent to his help. The military brother some years ago was laid up with the fever in a small station on the West Coast of Africa. He seemed very near the point of death, but a messenger was sent to a British doctor who was rumored to be in the neighborhood. The messenger arrived, and the doctor came post haste to what he supposed to be the bedside of a stranger, but to his amazement found his own brother. No man on earth, however poor or sinful, is beyond the reach of the assistance of the great Elder Brother. If the poor sinner but will cry out for help, he will come over all obstacles to his relief and salvation.

HARDIHOOD.

(38)

An anecdote has been recently published proving King Victor Emmanuel's pluck and hardihood when quite a youth. In 1887 experiments were being made at Fort of Monte Mario, Rome, on some cases of dynamite rendered inert for transportation. They were tried by firing bullets at them at a distance of five yards. The then Prince of Naples was watching the proceedings with great interest, standing close to the men who fired. All at once one of the cases when struck exploded, and the fragments flew over the heads of those present. It seemed that no one was hurt. The young Prince had not moved, but was seen to draw his mantle, which had been hanging loose, closely about him. He ordered the experiment to be continued. When all was over it was noticed that the Prince in walking left traces of blood on the ground, and it turned out that he had been struck by a fragment, though not severely, and that he had drawn his mantle about him to hide the fact that he was bleeding. While the old American Indians carried hardihood to an extreme, there can be no doubt that in our time the tendency is toward needless "ease and self-indulgence." We need to listen to Paul's exhortation to learn how "To bear hardness as good soldiers." It is not well to make much of little suffering, or pain, or loss, which comes to us in the doing of our duty. Christian life is a fight, and the promised reward is "To him that overcometh."

THE WELCOMING CHRIST.

(39)

Jessie Ferris has a pretty little song interpreting the invitation of Christ to the heavy laden; those marvelous words that stand out through the centuries, opening to us the heart of God: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden."

"Come to me," and thou shalt find it ointment for thy bitter care,
Solace for thy broken heartstone, hope for all thy keen despair.

Hard thy task and great thy burden,—child I know thy every pain,
Trust in me and I will heal thee, think thou not 'tis all in vain.

For my heart is kind as woman's and my power more great than man's,
And thy smallest grief shall vanish with the healing of my hands.

Only faith I ask. I love thee more than human heart can know,
Come to me and I will make thee whiter than the lily's new-born snow.

CONSECRATING CHILDREN.

(40)

A male child has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Shen Tung of the Chinese Legation at Washington. The parents have decided to bring it up as an American child. In conse-

crating their baby to American ideas and customs, the Shens have done away with the bright red clothes that in China are supposed to bring good luck, and in which Chinese babies are invariably dressed. These people have named their child Washington, have clothed it as American babies in well-to-do families are clothed, and have secured for it an American nurse. All this is wise if the family intend to bring it up a real American. It suggests what Christian parents ought to do if they intend that their children are to grow up to be Christians. They should be consecrated to Christ from their childhood, and in all their teachings and surroundings, so far as the parents can control, the effort should be made to inculcate Christian ideas. Nothing is sadder than to see little heathen growing up in the midst of so-called Christian homes.

THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

(41)

"Don't you believe in moral suasion?" asked the neighbor. The indignant father stopped with the switch poised in the air. "Of course I do," he answered; "I tried it once, and I'm going to try it again, just as soon as I lick this boy hard enough so that he'll know enough to be ruled by it the next time I try it. Yes, sir; moral suasion is a great thing, and I'm going to teach this boy how good it is, if I have to thrash him every week to do it. He doesn't appreciate its advantages yet." That is the theory of all prohibitory laws in society. If a man will not be ruled by the Gospel, then the law must be his schoolmaster to bring him to Christ.

THE NOBLEST VINE IN THE WORLD.

(42)

Several curious beliefs are in existence concerning the famous vine, now more than one hundred and thirty-two years at Hampton Court, London. Its roots are popularly supposed to extend as far away as and under the Thames, which is nearly four hundred yards away. An investigation has been made and the roots of the vine were found at a distance of about twenty-five yards from the main stem. It is very fruitful and every year the vine starts forth three thousand bunches of grapes, but only twelve hundred are allowed to remain. The noblest Vine in the world is that to which every Christian is attached as a branch. How comforting are those words which Christ uttered to His disciples, and which John has treasured up for us, "I am the vine, ye are the branches, he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing."

THE WORK OF THE MASTER.

(43)

St. Bartholomew's Protestant Episcopal church, New York city, is building at a cost of two hundred thousand dollars, a six-story free dispensary where the sick poor are to have as good care as can be secured by the rich. Surely this is the work of the Master. When the disciples of John the Baptist came to Christ, asking for some proof of his Messiahship to carry back to their master, who was in prison, Jesus said that they should tell John not only that the poor heard the Gospel, but that the eyes of the blind were opened; that the deaf were made to hear; that lepers were healed. Surely the church of Jesus Christ must more and more seek to bless, not only the souls, but the bodies of men.

THE POWER OF DREAMS. *m 844*

(44)

God has endowed us with the imaginative faculty for a great and wise purpose. A consecrated imagination is one of the richest blessings God can bestow upon any one. By holding the imagination to pure, lofty meditation, one may rise superior to all the difficulties of life. Arthur Symonds brings this out in a striking way in his poem entitled "The Loom of Dreams."

I broider the world upon a loom,
I broider with dreams my tapestry;
Here in a little lonely room
I am master of earth and sea,
And the planets come to me.

I broider my life into the frame,
I broider my love, thread upon thread;
The world goes by with its glory and shame,
Crowns are bartered and blood is shed:
I sit and broider my dreams instead.

And the only world is the world of my dreams,
And my weaving the only happiness;
For what is the world but what it seems?
And who knows but that God, beyond our guess,
Sits weaving worlds out of loneliness?

A WELL EARNED MONUMENT.

(45)

Maine was the birthplace of Dorothea Dix, who was called "The Soldier's Friend," but who well deserves the wider name of "The Friend of Humanity." The women of that

State are now planning to erect a monument worthy of her memory. The veterans of the Civil War know the story of her heroism and her patriotism. As superintendent of the women nurses, she stood at her post in Washington without a day's furlough throughout the entire war, and remained there eighteen months afterward, so that she might fulfil her promise to dying soldiers that she would aid their loved ones. Many a soldier's widow and daughter owed their means of livelihood to Dorothy Dix, though they themselves were often not aware of it.

The monument at Fortress Monroe marking the resting place of the brave boys who fell there was built by the exertions of Miss Dix, who in a brief time raised \$8,000 for the purpose and who personally purchased the necessary granite and superintended the building of the memorial.

At a time when women were unaccustomed to public work she took up the cause of the insane. Through personal investigation, as early as 1842, she found their condition unspeakably wretched. There were then only a few asylums in this country, and these were crowded far beyond their capacity.

In prisons, dungeons, often caged and naked, chained, and deprived of all liberty, these unfortunates were herded together, with no means of external warmth and with insufficient food.

Through the efforts of Miss Dix, North, South, East and West all this was changed. Her method was, personal investigation first; then efforts to interest the leading members before presenting her memorial to the Legislature of a State. It is claimed that she raised over three million dollars for philanthropic purposes; that she remodelled or built from the foundations twenty asylums and many almshouses, many of the former of which are today models for improved methods of treating the insane.

Dorothea Dix won her title to immortality by heroic service. Wherever work opened to her that needed to be done, her hands were offered. The world needs such service today on many fields, and we need to learn the great lesson of the life of Dorothea Dix over and over again. Not by getting, but by serving, do men and women become truly great.

THE MISSIONARY AND THE CONSUL.

(46)

Every cheap foe of Christianity throughout the civilized world, is voicing on every occasion today, sneers and insults at the missionary. These gratuitous, and uncalled for slurs, have their occasion in the troubled condition in China. A writer in the Review of Reviews brings out very clearly the relation between the missionary and the Consul in China, which ought to be voiced from every pulpit for the information of the people. He says that the fact that Protestant missionaries, when occasion required, appeal to their Consul is sometimes spoken of to their disparagement. But it should not be forgotten that the position of the foreigner in China under the provisions of the extraterritoriality laws is a peculiar one. The Consul, by official appointment, exercises the function of mediator, lawyer, protector, judge, and, in a certain sense, lawgiver on his behalf. The foreign citizen is explicitly directed in the treaties to invariably appeal to the Consul when it is necessary that he should have official relations with the authorities. He is not allowed to address officially the representatives of the Government without first submitting his case and his communication to his Consul. He can be tried, in case of misdemeanor, only by his Consul; and all matters subject to regulation and jurisdiction, as between the foreign citizen and the Chinese authorities, must, in order to be legal, be under the supervision of the Consul or higher foreign official. Unless this fact is taken into consideration the appeal to Consular intervention may be misunderstood and misinterpreted by an outside observer.

THE FALLING OF A GIANT.

(47)

A traveler describes in a very interesting way the impression received by one who is present at the felling of a giant redwood tree. He says as the saw moved through the heart of the giant he begins to sag down on the side where the wound is gaping. Presently it is apparent that the tree is beginning to lean away from the cutters. They continue their work a moment longer, then is heard the cracking of the wood fibers in front of the saw teeth. Another swish of the saw and the noises increase. They give a report like firing pistols, and the rapidity of detonation of a Gatling gun. The sounds, getting ever more rapid, presently become a continuous roar. Then, if you are standing near by and the tree is large, you will get the impression that everything above is coming to earth; that the whole forest is falling. The great mass starts slowly to topple, crackling and exploding ever louder at its base, until with a fearful momentum it comes sprawling down, cracking and crashing and roaring, and hitting the earth with a thump as if a whole broadside of shells had simultaneously struck a bastion. Sometimes we see a man come down like that. He has stood out strong looking, and forceful before all the world; he has carried his head high and young men envied him, but the sappers were at his heart. The deadly saw of appetite, or lust, or passion, cut away the supports under him until he came down crashing to the ground.

A REPAIRED LIFE.

(48)

The most famous bell in the world, I suppose, is "Big Ben" in London. And yet this large bell was cracked before leaving the foundry, and was sent back for repairs. These repairs were so successful that it was finally brought into use, and now for forty years it

has satisfactorily boomed out the hour in the great metropolis of the world. Many men have been cracked and broken almost at the beginning of their career, yet by speedy repentance they have been forgiven, and God through his great love and mercy has healed the wound in the character, and they have been permitted to go forward to do the work of their lives. Don't give up because you have failed once, or twice, or even more frequently. God who is rich in mercy will yet give you a chance if you surrender your cracked and broken life into his hands.

KEEPING IN PRACTICE.

(49)

An Eastern editor chancing to meet one of the leading pianists of Boston, who was about to go away on a vacation of several weeks, said: "You will allow the piano to rest during these weeks, will you not?" "Certainly not," was the reply. "I have already shipped two, a baby-grand and an upright, to my summer home, and I must get to them at once. I have some difficult playing to do in public in the fall, and I could not do it at my best if I should neglect, even for a few days, my practice." A wayfaring man though a fool ought to be able to read the moral to that incident. To do great work well a man must keep himself at his best.

PAUL'S SCHOLARSHIP.

(50)

Dr. George H. Hepworth, preaching recently on the text, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content," says that when St. Paul had learned that lesson, he was at an altitude from which the prospect is magnificent. As he looked down on the restless world, seething with avarice and envy and selfishness, it was with inexpressible pity that men will work so hard and so long to get so little at last. He could be happy in surroundings which make most of us miserable. He had so mastered the true philosophy of life that he did not want what he knew he could not have. He could be more content with nothing than many of us could be with everything. His source of peace was in his own heart, not in his environment. He was the proud possessor of a faith that could not be shaken, of thoughts which are worth more than a mine of gold, and he lived not in a world of man's making, which ever heaves and tosses like the ocean in a mad tempest, but in a world furnished with aspiration by Almighty God. This supreme rest of spirit is possible for all of us, but we must work in harmony with God before it can be acquired.

APPLES OF GOLD.

For Pictures of Silver Sermons.

By J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D. D.

Author of "The Secret of a Happy Day"

"The Surrendered Life"

"Life of Moody" etc.

TRUTH TOLD BY TIME.

(330)

A member of a college class, soon after graduation, was admitted to the practice of his chosen profession, the bar. Leaving the court-house, he was met by a brilliant young man, who took him by the hand, saying: "Now you have been admitted to the bar, let me give you a little advice. Have your name taken from the church roll, burn your Bible, and you will make your mark." It was a moment of supreme temptation. Turning from him, the young lawyer walked straight to the depository and invested almost his last half-dollar in a pocket Bible. A quarter of a century passed, and this lawyer met, on the same spot, the wreck of this same brilliant young man. With bloodshot eye and matted hair and beard—extending the same hand, he said, "Colonel, for God's sake, give me half a dollar and let me get out of this town to get off this spree." As he drew from his pocket the coveted coin, he thought of his former investment.

THE HEATHEN IDEA OF THE DANCE.

(331)

Nothing is less intelligible to a high-bred mandarin than the desire of foreign females to be introduced to him. At Hong Kong, when English ladies were brought to see the ex-commissioner, Yeh, he turned away and refused to look at them, and on their departure expressed his annoyance and disgust. He was invited at Calcutta to a ball given by the Governor of Bengal. Inquiring what was meant, he was told by his Chinese secretary that a ball was a sport in which "men turned themselves round, holding the waists and turning round the wives of other men." He asked whether the invitation was meant for an insult. There was an amusing scene at Canton, when Chinese ladies were for the first time introduced to some of our British fair. The Chinese kept for some minutes trembling in the distance, afraid to approach, when one was heard to say to another, "They do not look very barbarous after all," and they moved a little forward to meet their guests. "Surely they have learned how to behave themselves. Is it not wonderful?" and a third voice replied, "Yes, but you know they have been for some time in Canton."

SECRET OF BIBLE STUDY.

(332)

Prof. W. G. Moorhead of Xenia Theological Seminary told me that one day he was returning to his home from one of his journeys, and wanted to take with him some present for his children. He decided at last that the present should be a dissected map. When he gave it to his two girls he said, "Now if you can put this together you will know more of geography than if you studied a book." They worked very patiently, but at last one of them rose to her feet, saying, "I cannot put it together," and, said the great Bible teacher, "it was an awful jumble." They had a part of North America in South America, and other mistakes quite as serious were made. Suddenly, however, the older one, who was still on her knees, discovered that on the other side of one piece of the map was a man's hand. Curiosity prompted her to turn over the other piece and there was a part of his face, and then, her fingers working rapidly, she turned over every piece of the map, and called to her sister, saying, "Come back, there is a man on the other side; let us put the man together first," and almost instantly, said the father, the figure of the man was completed, and when the map was turned over every river and lake, every mountain and plain, was in the proper place. And this, said Dr. Moorhead, is the secret of Bible study. Put the man Christ Jesus together first. Jesus in Genesis is the same as Jesus in the Revelation. The fact is there is one name that binds the book together. Learn the meaning of that name, and you have gotten hold of the power of the Bible.

A GRANDFATHER'S BLESSING.

(333)

When General Grant was nigh unto death, he dictated a formal letter "To the President of the United States," asking that his namesake and grandson, Ulysses III., be appointed to a cadetship at West Point upon application. Col. Frederick D. Grant, the young lad's father, recently took the priceless missive to Washington and personally delivered it to President McKinley with an indorsement from the warrior's comrade, General Sherman. General Grant's original letter, with General Sherman's indorsement across the bottom of the page, furnishes a unique souvenir for the war archives at Washington which will be treasured as a sacred memento. It goes without saying that the appointment will be made. There are multitudes of young men whose fathers and grandfathers were famous soldiers of Jesus Christ who would, if they could, direct their children and grandchildren into the same noble and joyous service. Any young man who envies this youthful scion of an honored family may well congratulate himself upon the opportunity of becoming a "good soldier of Jesus Christ."

CHILDREN ARE OLD ENOUGH.

(334)

I have no sympathy with the idea that our children have to grow up before they are converted. Once I saw a lady with three daughters at her side, and I stepped up to her and asked her if she was a Christian.

"Yes, sir."

Then I asked the oldest daughter if she was a Christian. The chin began to quiver, and the tears came into her eyes, and she said:

"I wish I was."

The mother looked very angrily at me and said, "I don't want you to speak to my children on that subject. They don't understand." And in great rage she took them away from me. One daughter was fourteen years old, one twelve, and the other ten, but they were not old enough to be talked to about religion! Let them drift into the world and plunge into worldly amusements, and then see how hard it is to reach them. Many a mother is mourning today because her boy has gone beyond her reach, and will not allow her to pray with him. She may pray for him, but he will not let her pray or talk with him. In those early days when his mind was tender and young, she might have led him to Christ. Bring them in. "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

Is there prayerless father reading this? May God let the arrow go down into your soul! Make up your mind that, God helping you, you will get the children converted. God's order is to the father first, but if he isn't true to his duty, then the mother should be true, and save the children from the wreck. Now is the time to do it while you have them under your roof. Exert your parental influence over them.

CHRIST'S POWER TO LIFT UP THE WORLD.

(335)

Two men met on the dikes that surround the city of New Orleans two years ago during the great flood at which time the city seemed doomed. The water from the Mississippi on the one side and from the gulf on the other seemed almost certain to overflow the city. One man said to the other, "What would you do for the city if you had the strength and money?" It took the one addressed by surprise and turning to his questioner, said, "What would you do, as you seem to have been thinking about the matter?" O, said the first man, if I had the power and the money I would build these dikes so wide and so high that no flood could endanger this city. This would seem to be the height of philanthropy. But, said the second man, I would not do that; if I had the strength I would get my arms beneath this city and lift it above the dikes so that no flood could ever endanger it.

Jesus Christ does for our world just what the latter man said he would do for the city. He puts his everlasting arms beneath this doomed world and lifts it above all the currents of sin.

JOINT-HEIRS WITH CHRIST.

(336)

A dying judge, the day before his departure to be with Christ, said to his pastor, "Do you know enough about law to understand what is meant by joint-tenancy?"

"No," was the reply. "I know nothing about law; I know a little about grace, and that satisfies me."

"Well," he said, "if you and I were joint tenants on a farm, I could not say to you, 'that is your hill of corn, and this is mine; that is your blade of grass, and this is mine;' but we should share and share alike in everything on the place. I have just been lying here, and thinking with unspeakable joy, that Jesus Christ has nothing apart from me, that everything He has is mine, and we will share and share alike through all eternity."

THE NEED OF CHRIST.

(337)

It is said that Ole Bull and John Erricson met for the first time in the City of New York, and the great musician said to his new found friend, "Come around and hear me play to-night." The invitation was not accepted. It was given a second time, and again was not accepted. The third time Ole Bull said if you do not come and hear me play I will come and play for you, and John Erricson said, "Do not bring your violin into my shop, for I do not care for music." But the next day Ole Bull was there, and he said, "There is something the matter with my violin," and they talked about tones and semitones and fibers of wood. and then he said I will show you how it is. He strung up the instrument, drew the bow across the strings and began to play. In a little while the building was filled with waves of harmony. The men left their work and gathered about the great musician. John Erricson rose from his desk, stood for a moment in the outer circle, then came close to Ole Bull and listened to every note that came from the violin. At last the player drew his bow across the strings for the last time and stopped. The men turned back to their work; not so John Erricson. With tears streaming down his cheeks, he said, "Play on, play on; I never knew what was lacking in my life before." Thus it is with many a man who thought he knew the needs of his soul, and sought to be satisfied with honor, and wealth and power, but only Christ can satisfy, and until we learn this and claim him, we shall be devoid of peace.

CHRIST—"YE DID IT UNTO ME."

(338)

Among the Saxons the custom prevailed of burning the Yule-log at the Christmas-tide. "A selfish man, who had plenty of money but no sympathy, was keeping his Christmas all alone; and out of deference to the day, he kept a little log burning with a very feeble flame. As he shivered in the chilly atmosphere of his desolate room, he fell asleep and dreamed. In his dream he heard a voice which drew his attention to a beautiful child who stood near him, and said, 'Jesus is cold.' With an impatient movement, the selfish man stirred the fire a little, and said, 'Why don't you go to the farm house down the lane? You'll be warm enough there.' 'Yes,' replied the child; 'but you make me cold, you are so cold.' 'Then what can I do for you?' 'You can give me a gold coin.' With a great deal of reluctance the money-chest was opened, and a gold coin was given to the child. He took it. Instantly the dingy room became bright and cheerful, as the child hung up some laurel and holly, saying, 'These are for life,' and placed two candles on the shelf, saying, 'These are for light,' and stirred the fire, saying, 'That is for love.' Then the door was thrown open, and a poor widow and a sick man, and orphan children, were brought in and seated at a bountiful repast, while the child kept saying, 'Jesus is warm now,' and the selfish man found that he also was enjoying the scene, so that he presently confessed, 'I think that I am warmer, too.' Then the child suddenly disappeared, and in his place there was a divine presence; and solemnly the words were pronounced, 'Although I am in heaven, I am everywhere; for everywhere is heaven if I am there. I cannot suffer as I once suffered; but whenever my children are cold and hungry, or persecuted, or neglected, I suffer with them; and whenever they are warm and fed, and sheltered and loved, I rejoice with them; so that Jesus is often cold, and Jesus is often warm.'"—Miller.

WITNESSING.

(339)

I remember going down stairs in a hotel about midnight with some letters in my hand that I wished to mail. The clerk was not in the office, but a policeman was there, and he said, "I will take your letters and mail them for you." I thanked him and handed them to him, and started up the stairs. As I went I heard a voice say, "Why did you not speak to that policeman about Christ?" I said, "It was because it would not do any good." The voice said, "How do you know?" I kept going up all the time. "Why did you not speak to him about his soul?" I said, "Lord, he did not look as though he had a soul." He was a very fleshy-looking sort of man. The voice said, "Are you going to preach to others and then be cast away yourself?" I said, "No, Lord; I will go back." I started down the stairs, but I heard the door shut, and when I came into the office the policeman had gone. I had a sore heart that night, and a sore heart the next day. I said, "If I see that man again I will preach Christ to him, if it is a possible thing." To my great surprise and joy, he came into the afternoon meeting and sat down on a back seat. There was a throng there, and I tried after the benediction to go back where he sat, but the aisles were filled too quickly and I could not do it. I thought I had missed another opportunity. As I stood talking with some people, in a few moments the aisle was cleared, and as I looked down it I saw the policeman coming up toward the front. The tears were streaming down his cheeks and he said to me,

"I have never known what it meant to be a Christian, but if you will tell me I will commence now." Oh, I believe that all about us, touching our elbows today, waiting in the store, and in the street, looking in our faces across the table, are people who are waiting for the touch of a living, earnest Christian in order to be led into the kingdom of God.—B. F. M.

THE DECEITFUL HEART.

(340)

Pierre Hurlat, one of the keenest eyed gunners in the French army, gathered together by his thriftiness enough money to buy a little cottage at Sevres Bridge. Beautiful to look at was the cottage, the honeysuckle climbing up the wall; and Pierre was proud of his home in which he and his wife looked forward to spending their old age. But 1870 came, and the Franco-Prussian war broke out and old Pierre, the most expert gunner in the French army, was conscripted for the war. The Germans are in possession of Sevres; and Pierre is at the back of the gun on the heights of Valeria that overlook the town. General Neil rides up to the famous gunner and says, "Pierre." He salutes the general. "Do you see that little house?" The cold sweat came over the poor old gunner. "Do you see that little house at the end of the bridge? Well, that is a nest of Germans. I just want you to point your gun to that house, and let us see what you can do." Pierre primed his gun, and the old skill was in his nerve, and muscle, and eye; and through the yawning embrasure the gun is pointed at the cottage. Smoke! A roar! "Well done, Pierre! Well hit! It is demolished." The tears were stealing down Pierre's cheeks. General Neil turned to him and said, "Pierre, what is wrong?" "Ah," he replied, "it was my own house." Ah! point your gun at your own house; your heart is a nest of devils. If you learn that lesson, that alone is worth your gathering together this Lord's day afternoon. Point your gun to your own soul, for the devil is there; he has got entry to your heart, and there men feel him to be most successful.

FAITHFUL IN THAT WHICH IS LEAST.

(341)

When Major-General O. O. Howard was on the Pacific Coast some of his friends wanted to honor him by having a reception, and they decided to have it on Wednesday night. It was to be a great affair, and the President had given it his sanction. Then some one said, "We had better let him know, so he will be ready on Wednesday evening;" and finally they went and told him, "General, Wednesday night we want to see you on a matter of business." "Well, gentlemen, you cannot see me on that night; I have a previous engagement." Finally they said, "It is a reception, and the President of the United States has given it his sanction." And the old veteran, his eyes flashing, stood up and said, "You know I am a church-member, and I promised the Lord, when I united with his church, that from time to time on Wednesday night I would meet him in prayer-meeting, and there is nothing in the world can make me break that engagement." They had the reception, but they had it on Thursday night. When I was out there, I asked, "Where is the man who has the greatest influence?" And they said, "It is not a minister of the gospel; it is Major-General Howard."

FEAR, NOT.

(342)

In the west of America, at the foot of the Rockies, on the Pacific Coast, there are very strange and very interesting gullies. Geologists go from all parts of the world to see them. You can sail for miles inland in narrow, canal-like creeks, great fissures in the Rockies into which waves of the Pacific wind for miles, right into the heart of the country. As the steamer goes into the narrow creek, behold, there seems right before you a precipice of beetling rock. Yet full speed is kept up. There is no reversing of the engines; it seems as if the vessel was steered to go to pieces on that frowning rocky crag. The captain is on the bridge, unconcerned; and the screws are churning the water beneath the vessel and "straight ahead" you are going, when lo, just as the prow seems to touch the rock, and you wonder that they are not reversing the engines, the crag splits, and you see right at its base a waterway that would almost float the navies of the world, nestling in the heart of the mountain. You never saw it till you went straight up to it. A timorous man would have turned, would have signaled to reverse the engines, to go full speed astern. It was faith, the faith of knowledge, the faith of having been there before, that made the steamer go right ahead, into the cleft where it could go sailing through. Go straight on; God will provide for the difficulty. Oh, I can say this Sabbath morning from my heart, Go straight on; never slacken speed. Go right ahead. Never the brain of a Christian was scattered on a rock that he went straight ahead against. Never; God will rather whirl the earth from his path than have you come to harm. "Go right ahead, thou worm of Jacob, thou shalt thresh the mountain."

FORGIVENESS.

(343)

One of the Queen's soldiers had broken every law of the army and every form of punishment had been exhausted upon him. He had sinned once again and the officer in charge knew not what to do with him, and called in a brother officer and explained to him the situation, saying that he was at his wit's end, what could he do? Said he, "I have tried everything and failed." Then said his brother officer, "Suppose you try forgiveness," and they called the poor, trembling soldier in and asked him if he had anything to say, any excuse for his conduct. To which he replied, "Nothing, except that I am very sorry." "Well," said the officer of the day, "we have made up our minds to forgive you." The offending soldier looked at him but for a moment, then burst into tears, saluted, and walked out of his

presence, never again to be the weak soldier of the past, but to be one of the best soldiers Her Majesty, the Queen, ever had.

Thus our Father meets us, and though we have sinned ten thousand times, broken his law again and again, he meets us, not with punishment, but with the pledge of forgiveness.

THE FULLNESS OF GOD.

(344)

A great many people come into this Christian life just as though they moved into a house with one room in it; and they have lived in it for years. God's house is a seven-roomed house. It is not only a refuge from the storm, but it is a banquet house where His people can be fed; it is a chamber of rest where they can repose on His bosom; it is a library where they can study and know His Word and will; it is an observatory where they can look out over all the landscape. I am sorry to say that I lived a long time in the kitchen. It was a long time before I got into the chamber of peace; it was a good while before I got into the work room. I am only beginning to get into the observatory, where I can look abroad and see God's great horizons. But this morning I put in your hand the key to every part, and on that key is written "Jesus." You can go then just where you please.

SINNING AGAINST GOD.

(345)

I have heard of a hunter who carried with him a deer-charm, a whistle which imitated the cry of the fawn. One day when he blew upon it there came a beautiful doe and put her head out from the thicket and looked this way and that. She saw the hunter standing there and knew that he was her mortal enemy, seeking her life; and although she trembled with fear she did not stir. And when the hunter saw that great exhibition of mother-love he could not bear to take advantage of it. So he put down his rifle, and lifting up his hand frightened the doe back into the thicket. But, O friends, what shall be said of the man who, because he thinks God is so compassionate and long-suffering, and has borne with him so long that He will bear with him still, will selfishly try to keep the control of his own life through his days upon earth, and then cast the dregs of his wasted life into the face of God with a pitiful cry for mercy, and thus endeavor to get into a place of peace after death? Does that meet your idea of manliness? My brother, never cherish a thought like that and lay any claim to being a man.—B. F. M.

DOING THE WILL OF GOD.

(346)

It is said that a celebrated Bishop of the Church of England, who had been passing through a deep spiritual experience, reached the place where he was willing to surrender everything to God, except his special care and devotion to his wife, who had been for many years an invalid. He was quite sure if he should yield up his will that God might call him to go to some foreign land to preach the gospel, and this he felt he could not do, because of the condition of his wife. But at last one day he came into her presence to say that he had won the victory, and that he was willing to take his hands off from everything, even the control of her own life. Looking up into his face she told him that she, too, had passed the crisis and won the same victory.

In the night time she was taken much worse, and before the morning came she was dead. But when they went to call the old bishop that he might stand beside her, it was found that he too had suddenly been summoned into the presence of God, although apparently there had been no premonition of his sickness.

How like God this is, He did not want them to be separated from each other, but He did want their wills, and so when they had thus yielded, He would not permit them to be separated even in death, and He is like this always in His dealings with us. It is not a hardship to do the will of God, but to the contrary, as the Scripture declares, it is a constant delight.

HEROISM.

(347)

A surgeon relates that before Santiago, he (the surgeon), going to the front, came upon a young officer, sitting beside the road, trembling like a leaf, and whiter than the dead men around him. At sight of the surgeon he began to talk. "I'm a coward, I'm a coward, I'm a coward," he said; "I knew I'd run, and I did. Oh! I wish you'd kill me! I'm disgraced forever. I just got scared. I knew I would. I was going along all right, not thinking of anything but getting at the Spaniards, yelling to my men to come on, and running ahead as fast as I could, when all of a sudden I stubbed my toe, or something, and then I can't remember being scared, but I must have been, for I came galloping back here, sick as a dog. Oh, I feel so awfully gone, I'm a low coward, and I wish I were dead! Oh! why don't somebody shoot me? I've got such an awful goneness right here," and he put his hand to his stomach. The surgeon gave him a quick look and caught him as he plunged forward in a faint. Where the awful goneness was, a Mauser bullet had found its billet. They carried the wounded man to the field hospital, and he chuckled all the wty. "Oh my! Oh my!" he said, over and over; "I wasn't scared! I wasn't scared." And then he would laugh delightfully: "I wasn't scared, I was hit—I was just hit. I ain't a coward after all."

A NEW HEART.

(348)

I heard the missionary to the Indians in our Canadian territories tell how it felt to be in the grip of the death-freeze. It was seventy degrees below zero, and as the traces of the dogs that carried the sleigh across the black waste got broken, he jumped off to repair them. Perspiring with the exertion, he felt his garments suddenly stiffen, and a chill such as he had never before felt in his experiences in these high latitudes seemed to creep to his very bones. It was intensely cold, "and all at once," he said, "music such as he had never heard seemed to descend from the skies. Oh, it was rapturous music! Can the angels, with their heavenly harps, equal what I heard? The snow began to appear as if covered with the jewels that deck the city, and the twigs of the frozen trees seemed all kinds of colors. It was just fairyland. A sensuous delight, a physical pleasure, began to steal over the whole body. The marks of the Indian attendants who had gone before, the tracks left by their snow-shoes, got transformed into beautiful couches, and a voice said, "Lie down and rest, and listen to the music." I was looking round to choose the couch upon which I should rest, when I heard a soft voice say, "Stop! you are freezing to death!" I had only time to take the rope that bound my dogs to the sleigh and bind it around me, attaching myself to the sleigh, and to say in the Canadian French to the dogs, "March!" They started and dragged me unconscious through the snow, battered and bruised, but safe. Ah, man! to freeze is sometimes just delicious. The devil takes care that the cold heart should never feel cold. He tells the birds to sing, and the flowers to bloom, and the demons to transform music. There is many a soul just freezing to death amid the pleasures of a sensuous religiosity that will only damn him forever. The human heart is a stone until God warms it and regenerates it.

THE SURRENDERED LIFE.

(349)

I had the opportunity a little while ago of riding over the famous Vanderbilt estate, Biltmore, at Asheville, North Carolina. Fifty miles of perfect driveway stretch out before the vista, and hundreds and hundreds of acres in a perfect state of cultivation are on every side of you. The house in which Mr. Vanderbilt lives is a palace, and everything about the house or stables or landscape is a thing of beauty. But just in the center of the famous estate is a little plot of ground of nine acres which is owned by an old colored man. He could not give a clear title to his claim, and therefore could not sell it. Lying as it does in the heart of the property he can compel Mr. Vanderbilt according to law to give him the right of way across the estate to his little home; and while other people, even of renown, must ask permission to pass through the gates this old colored man goes with perfect liberty.

Is there any spot in your heart which is not yielded to God? If so it is Satan's property and while it may be as small in comparison as the nine acres to the many hundreds, yet it gives Satan the right of way through your heart and life, and this is the secret of your failure.

A CHANGED LIFE.

(350)

Some years ago when I had closed a series of meetings in Minneapolis an old Welsh preacher followed me to the train and put in my hands a volume of sermons by Christmas Evans, saying, "Read the sermon of the man in the tombs," I did so.

You will remember that everybody was afraid of this poor insane creature, every one save Jesus, and He went straight after him, drove the evil spirits out of him, and Christmas Evans said there were enough in him to fill a herd of swine, and enough swine to fill the sea. And then the great Welshman describes his going home. He says the little children look through the windows and see him coming and with trembling lips cry out, "Mother, father's coming home." The mother exclaims, "Then bar the windows and shut the doors, for your father is a maniac," and every door is fastened and window shut. Then he describes how they look through the chinks and the windows and say once again, "Mother, it is not father; it looks like him, but he is walking up the path and coming quietly towards the house." But the mother exclaims, "Keep perfectly still, for your poor father is not himself." Suddenly there is a hand placed upon the latch of the door, and it does not yield, and then a quiet knocking is heard, and at last a voice which they have not heard for years, "Mary, open the door and let me come in, for I have seen Jesus of Nazareth, and He has set me free. Let me come in and I will be a good husband to you and a good father to the children," and Christmas Evans says, the door was instantly thrown wide open, and when the husband and father came in he brought heaven in with him.

LOOK AND LIVE.

(351)

John McNeil tells the story of one of his friends who had raised an eagle with the chickens about his barnyard and for this reason the eagle had never used its power of flight nor had it understood its ability to soar in the heavens. The friend made up his mind to move to another part of the country. He had sold his other possessions, but did not care to sell the eagle nor to give it away, and so he determined to teach it the art of flight. He lifted it up in his hands, held it for a moment, but the eagle fell with a flap to the ground. He threw it above his head, but the fall was only the more severe, and at last in desperation he put it upon the fence and was holding it for a moment, when the eagle lifted up his head and caught one glimpse of the sun. Its eyes had ever been turned downward and it seemed to be in ignorance of the sun and the sky. Suddenly it pushed out one wing, then

another, lifted its head and with a shriek and a spring bounded away from the fence, soared higher and higher until it was lost in the distance.

Alas, many of us have gone with our eyes downward fastened upon the world. We have never really caught a glimpse of Christ in His beauty, nor understood Him in His fullness. If we could but see Him by faith we should soar above the things of this world and dwell in the holies, which it is our privilege to do.

CONSISTENT LIVING.

(352)

Mrs. Pomroy was counted a member of President Lincoln's household. On one day when he had grown weary with the affairs of State he suggested to her that she should occupy with him that night the President's box at Ford's Theater. She courteously declined. He gave her a subsequent invitation which was again not accepted, and finally with some degree of irritation, he said to her, "Mrs. Pomroy, it is counted an honor to sit in the President's box; I should like to ask you why you have refused." Hesitating a moment as if she were afraid that she might hurt the feelings of the President she said, "Mr. President, I am a Christian, and when I became such I promised my Lord that I would go to no place where I could not take Him with me or ask His blessing. I could hardly do this at the theatre, and for that reason I do not go." It is said that Abraham Lincoln never again asked her to accompany him to such a place, but it is known that again and again when they were driving together on some mission of mercy in the various hospitals, he would say to his coachman, "Drive a little slower," and then say to Mrs. Pomroy: "Tell me more of this Christ whom you serve."

Such a life always has power, and this is simply being consistent, not in any sense fanatical.

THE CHANGED LIFE OF JOHN VASSAR.

(353)

Some of you used to know that little man who was called by the title of "Uncle John Vassar." He was a man of God. He was not a minister, he never preached in the pulpits, but he was a man that had to win souls for Jesus Christ. He was converted when he was about twenty-five years of age, when he was at work in his uncle's brewery in Poughkeepsie. In those days people thought that a man could make beer and still be a Christian. After he was converted, John made a little rack above the vat where he was at work, on which he kept his Bible. He wanted to have his Bible there so he could study it. But soon there came an explosion. There will always be an explosion when you take the word of God wherever there is any kind of intoxicating liquor. This one blew John clear out of the brewery, and he never went back. His wealthy uncle offered to raise his wages, and finally offered to take him into partnership, but John said, "No, I will have nothing to do with this accursed thing." He became, as he used to say of himself, legs for good men. He was employed by the American Tract Society to carry around Bibles, and good books, and he used to say of himself that he was the shepherd's watch-dog. He would go into a parish and find out the minister and say, "Let us go out and see if we cannot find some lost sheep." So it was the shepherd's watch-dog that led the shepherd around.

FAILURE OF MORALITY.

(354)

One of the finest steamers afloat on Lake Champlain is the steamer Champlain, and when she began her first voyage she was the admiration of all who looked upon her. Cheer after cheer rent the air when she floated over the moorings on the dry dock into the waters of the lake. Her machinery was perfect, her crew well trained and the passengers upon her enthusiastic; when suddenly something seemed to be wrong with the machinery and a stop was ordered that the fault might be remedied. The captain ordered them to let down the anchor and because of a wind that was blowing she was seen rapidly to drift toward the rocks. The captain shouted again, "Down with the anchor," and the sailors responded that the order had been previously obeyed; but still she continued to drift. At last, because of the fact that the machinery was repaired the awful drifting was stopped and then it was found that while the anchor had been cast out, the chain was three feet too short to touch the bottom of the lake.

Thus it is with men who claim mercy independent of faith in Christ. It is all right so far as it goes, but falls short of the righteousness of God. And no man can ever see God until by faith he is linked to Christ. It is not what we do, nor what we are that saves us, but what He has accomplished and what He is to-day at the right hand of God.

EVERYTHING HAS ITS PURPOSE.

(356)

We are told that in the prairies of South America there grows a flower that always inclines in the same direction. The traveller may lose his way while crossing one of those prairies, and he may have neither compass nor chart by which to steer his course; but, turning to this lovely flower, he will find a guide on which he can implicitly rely; for no matter how heavily the rains may descend, or how violently the winds may blow, its leaves and petals invariably droop towards the north. If, whilst we live, we subserve a purpose analogous to that of this humble flower, we shall not have lived in vain. If we live to God, if we turn to Him in faith, and love, and prayer, and service, as the prairie-flower turns toward the north, some seeing our good works, our comely life, will be led to "glorify our Father who is in heaven."—B. Wilkinson, F. G. S.

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PAYING THE PIPER.

One minister in writing to us mentions that he has not had any salary paid by his church since last May. And another says that he receives only \$100 a year. Mark Twain tells of Tom Sawyer's uncle who preached for nothing, and he added that it was worth it.

There are circumstances under which all three situations would be right and the self-denial necessary to their acceptance would be well-pleasing unto Him.

But there is a fact that might apply to all three conditions. A man seldom appreciates the true value of something to be had for nothing, or at so much less than its supposed value, that he is suspicious of its true value. Ministers are sensitive to the fact that mentioning or considering money matters carefully is thought to be an indication of wordliness. And many of them suffer needlessly because salaries are not paid promptly and in full.

It seems to a layman that a business-like contract drawn up and signed by the minister and the responsible trustees or stewards of the church, with a clause as to when and how

much the minister is to be paid would be a great blessing, spiritual and temporal, to both pastor and people, for no man can sound forth the glad tidings when he is burdened with a load of debt.

In this connection we are reminded of the action of Dr. Lorimer, pastor of Tremont Temple, in refusing an addition of \$1,000 to his \$7,000 salary. No doubt Dr. Lorimer knows that this money which he refused will be spent in the spread of the kingdom. Chas. M. Sheldon continues to serve his church on a salary of \$1,200 a year when he has had offers of \$4,000 and \$5,000 from city churches. These show, says the editor of the *Messenger and Visitor*, that the financial consideration is not the controlling one, but let no official board or church member quote these facts to the pastor who has to hold an outstretched hand half the time to get his \$500 or \$600 salary, and who continually is casting, not only all his own but his family's living, into the Lord's treasury in the form of service, given in many, many cases for less than he could earn in the open labor market.

Any pastor allowing slipshod payment of his salary or takes less than he agreed to when called is doing his successor and his fellow ministers an injustice.

Not many decades ago the natural reverence for a minister of the gospel provided against much of the annoyance over this and other matters. Now that this is disappearing, and as it does pastors can get closer to their people, the pastor must stand his ground, not being stubborn, but firm as Paul, and not be driven about or even out of the church by carping critics of narrow mind and soul, as was the pastor mentioned in the *Ladies' Home Journal*:

"A minister had his salary cut down one hundred dollars, a year or so ago (and this was in a Western church), because his wife wore a handsomer gown than some of the prominent women in the congregation. The reason was given openly, and the matter found its way into public print. The fact that the wife's wealthy aunt was the donor seemed to be of no consequence, and the poor woman herself, irritated and mortified at the publicity given to her private affairs, succeeded in persuading her husband to withdraw from the ministry."

The Colportage Union, 18 Oxford St., Boston, Mass., Eben Bumstead, Proprietor, is doing an excellent work in displacing high colored literature in cheap form with the best of religious stories that look like the dime novel, but are the best short stories in religious literature. He gives presents of skates, watches etc. to boys who sell these stories at 5 cents a copy. Pastors show your boys the advertisement from the October issue page 44. It will please the boys and do some good.

In making remittances make all checks, post office orders or express money orders payable to Current Anecdotes Co. and send to main office 617-625 Rose Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

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DEPARTMENT OF METHODS

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO THE DISCUSSION OF METHODS OF CHURCH WORK.

Conducted by ELLISON R. COOK.

(Motto: Not What but How.)

HOW TO MAKE A WORKING CHURCH.

Suggestive Hints, Methods and Plans gathered from various sources.

Second Paper—First Series.

It has been well said that "the ideal church is one whose members are all at work and always at work." Their work does not consist in furnishing the community with entertainment and amusement, but in something which has for its ultimate object the leading of souls to Jesus Christ. The church was designed to take the place, and do the work which Jesus did while on earth, and He "went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil; for God was with Him." Whatever the church does then, it does as His representative, and whether it dispenses "soup, sympathy, or scripture," or ministers to the physically or spiritually maimed, its aim should be to show forth the Spirit of Jesus in the hope of winning souls for Christ.

In the early days of Christianity the work of the church was the work of every member. "The disciples went everywhere preaching the word." In time the church was dominated by Rome, and soon the same principles which prevailed in the civil government, permeated the church. The government of church and state was centralized. In the church the priests did everything, the preaching, praying, singing—the people did nothing. The great mass of the church delegated its Christian work to the priests and monks and nuns.

This method was and has ever been fatal to spiritual life and Christian growth. "To every man his work," is the Divine order. Hence any plan for making a working church must have for its end the utilization of all its forces. In other words, the plan should provide a place and work for every member.

We have hundreds of small churches in villages, towns and country places which, if organized and its forces wisely directed, would accomplish much more than is possible under the lack of method and plan which prevails.

We give the actual experience of a pastor with a church in a town of some 1,200 inhabitants, where the church had been running in the same old ruts for years, and was when he entered the pastorate, as near dead as churches get to be without actually passing away.

I found a church with 225 members, without financial strength, and by reason of the death and removal of several valuable members, greatly discouraged. My first work was to provide a practical plan for meeting the financial needs of the church. The solution of this problem was found in the practical application of

St. Paul's directions "concerning the collection for the saints." (1 Cor. 16: 1-2.) "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him." With difficulty the "official board" was induced to adopt this "Pauline Plan," widely known as the "envelope system." This system met perfectly the general plan, in that it gave to every member, old and young, rich and poor, opportunity to participate in this important part of Divine worship. Many members who hitherto had given little or nothing to the cause, under this plan became regular contributors. The individual weekly contributions were small, but the aggregate met all the financial demands of the church and left a balance in the treasury at the close of the year.

The next step was to organize for Christian work. My desire was, as has been stated, to reach every member—to interest all in the work of the church. There are many plans by which a congregation or church may be organized for work. My conviction is that the "class system" is best suited to the small congregation, such as I had in charge. I decided upon this plan, and called a church conference. The plan was outlined to the church in conference, and met with approval. A committee of five was appointed to co-operate with the pastor in selecting leaders and guides and in dividing the membership into classes.

(1) Five leaders were selected. They were appointed class-leaders by the pastor. (This was a Methodist Episcopal church). These leaders were to co-operate with the pastor; take oversight of the classes committed to their care, advise with the guides as to time and place of holding class-meetings, cottage prayer-meetings, etc., in a word having as the discipline directs, "care, oversight and insight" of the entire membership, making reports from time to time to the church conference. Fifteen guides were selected, (men and women) who were to exercise wise and loving watch-care over every member committed to their care. To visit them when sick or in trouble; to advise, comfort or exhort them, as occasion might require; to note the absence from church of any, and at the earliest possible moment ascertain the cause; to notify the pastor of any case of sickness or special need; to urge parents and children to attend Divine worship on the Lord's day, and the Sunday-school, prayer-meeting and other services of the church; to arrange for cottage prayer-meetings at such times and places as might be deemed wise; to meet in the pastor's study at stated times and bring in review the entire membership, and to devise ways and means for the advancement of the spiritual interests of the church.

To each guide was given a little book con-

taining fifteen names more or less. The guides were also furnished with a package of blank cards, upon which they were to write any special message or request to the pastor, to notify him of the illness of a member of their class, etc., sending him the card by mail or hand, or dropping it in the collection basket Sunday.

By this method the entire membership of a church may be reached personally in a very short time. When any measure or plan is agreed upon I had but to notify the leaders, they the guides, and they in turn the members of their classes. In this way in a single day, if need be, the attention of the whole church may be called personally to the matter in hand. It places the pastor in such connection with his people that without delay he can send his special message or call along the whole line.

The leaders and guides were urged to enlist others in the work of visiting from house to house. They were furnished with neat cards of invitation and liberally supplied with tracts. Great good resulted from this work. The development of some hitherto indifferent or timid members into active, efficient Christian workers was a surprise to the community. The members of the congregation were by this plan brought in closer touch with each other, socially and religiously, and the influences of the church for good in the community was greatly increased.

Special committees were appointed when needed, for special work. A revival that swept the community and materially strengthened the church numerically and financially was a natural result of getting the church to work.

Perfection is not claimed for this plan, and it is not set in cast iron mold. Any method or plan to prove effective must be modified and adapted to the special needs of a particular church. The important thing is to organize the forces, systematize the work, and fix responsibility. The plan involves:

(1) Division of church membership into five or more large classes, with regularly appointed class-leaders.

(2) Sub-division of classes into small classes or bands, with a guide appointed for each band.

(3) Assign special work to each class or band.

(4) Divide the territory contingent to the church into districts with limits closely defined. This will be of great help in doing thorough work.

Suggestions: A motto for each class and class badge or pin adds interest. Monthly or quarterly meetings of all the classes, with reports of work done, and papers or talks on subjects of general interest.

HOW TO REACH THE NON-CHURCH GOERS.

Methods which are successful in one church or community may not prove successful in another; and methods which succeed in a church or community at one time will not always succeed. Methods should be very elastic. They should be capable of great adaptiveness. To be successful they must be adjusted to the peculiar needs of each church.

It is proposed in this article to give the most efficient plans of the most successful workers, and it will be your work to adapt and adjust to the peculiar needs of the individual church.

Plan for bringing in Outsiders.

A very efficient method of reaching the non-church-going elements in a village or city—and the same plan could be used in the country—is proposed by a pastor of large experience. The method is to unite all, or as many of the congregations as are willing to co-operate in the effort; divide the territory into districts, and then the evening of the first Sunday in each month close all the churches, and let each and every member, or as many as are willing to engage in the work, visit prescribed portions of the district which have been assigned their congregation. These should go from house to house, inquiring where the residents attend church, where the children attend Sunday-school, and make any other proper inquiries, and in this way discover those who have no church selections, or who belong to the non-church-going classes. It should be the province of these visitors not only to make a note of all the information they gather, (which shall be reported at a meeting of the workers held the week following), but they should also leave tracts, congregational cards or invitation, with the hours of service, and, when opportunity presents itself, speak with the people, not only concerning attendance upon church services, but also press upon their attention the importance of spiritual and eternal things.

This method would most assuredly demonstrate to the entire community the fact that Christian people are interested in their work, and are sincere in their professions. It could not but increase the attendance upon the services of the church, and even be very far-reaching in influences which would not be manifest to the casual observer. The details of the plan could easily be developed, and at least some of the benefits soon discovered.

How to bring them in? Set the Church at work.

Rev. John C. Collins says: "Keep the Master's everlasting "Go" before your church. The whole gospel is summed up in the two words "come" and "go." First the Master says unto us, "Come unto me * * * and I will give you rest." But no sooner do we come and enter into vital union with Him than He says to each one, "Away with you, and bring others to me." "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

A good many Christians do not seem to have learned this second lesson and so it should be kept ever before them, together with the encouragement which the Master offers, and the wants and woes of humanity which in themselves are a strong motive. Do not be impatient if all do not hear the "Go" at once, but keep it ringing in their ears in one way or another, and slowly but surely the church will begin to look away from self, up to the hills from whence cometh its help, and out upon the world that is lying in darkness, and many a young life will begin to thrill with a holy ambition to consecrate its ransomed powers to a

life of Christian service. "Saved to serve" should be the motto of every church.

(2) Ask each member to engage in some definite work for Christ, and help them to find something which they can do. People rarely refuse any reasonable request and many are idle because they do not know what to do. They need some one to plan for them and this is the pastor's business—to organize and keep his church at work. Almost any one, if offered a small job of work with a large dose of encouragement, will gladly accept it. Now, brother pastor, if you really want to bring to your church services the non-church-goers of your community—and you do—first find out if you can—and you can—who they are and where they are. Second, write the names of say six non-church-goers on a card. Hand that card to a member with the request that during the next week he make it his business to invite every one of them to church. Ask him to note on back of the card their replies to his invitation. Hand say a dozen of these cards, more or less, (as the number of non-attendants may require), to as many workers. You have thus given say twelve members six persons each to see. At the end of the week all the cards are returned to you. You will note the answers given to the invitations and if your workers have done their duty they will put you in possession of additional facts which will guide you as to what future steps should be taken.

Exchange the lists. During the following week have another worker to give a similar invitation and so on until each of your workers has given an invitation to all the non-church-goers on your lists. If within a given time eight or ten church members give an invitation to the same man, should it accomplish nothing more it will put him to thinking, and will at least convince him that the church has a care for his soul.

The results from such work, carried on quietly, systematically, persistently, have been most gratifying. As a matter of course in all such work we must be as "wise as serpents" as well as "harmless as doves." There will be cases where a visit from the pastor will be timely, or a call by the pastor's wife. In other instances the loan of a book with request that it be read may be the thing to do.

Each case can be considered on its merits. The point we are seeking to make is that individual, hand to hand, face to face, work is what is needed.

Such work is of inestimable blessing to the worker and may be blessed of God to the salvation of the soul of the man who is thus sought.

A Simple Plan Recently Successfully Worked.

Immediately after dinner Sunday, having preached to a congregation smaller than was usual I addressed a note and sent it to the president of the Epworth League, requesting him to fix up on his type-writer six neat invitations to the evening services, making them urgent and as attractive as he could. Then I asked that he appoint six young ladies as a committee of invitation, request each to get a companion, as-

sign to each couple a certain street or streets and let them go from house to house, presenting at the door the neat type-written notice of the services and invitation to attend. The young ladies were requested to add a cordial word of personal appeal. The result was that the church was that evening crowded to the doors. Quite a simple thing to do and yet more than one hundred people in a small town were present at a service that they otherwise would not have attended.

Another Sunday morning a dozen boys of the Epworth League were asked to meet at the pastor's study at 3 o'clock that afternoon. Their names were read from the pulpit. Every one came promptly at the hour. The pastor read a brief lesson from the Word and offered a short prayer. He then told the boys that he had some work for them to do. He handed to each a sheet of paper and pencil and asked them to write down the names of every man in their part of town who did not attend church regularly. It was a surprise to the boys to find out how many there were who were not regular attendants on Divine worship. Now, said the pastor, you each have a list of names and I want you to go and find these men and ask them to come out to church to-night. "You know the men," continued the pastor, "exercise judgment in approaching them." You might say to one something like this: "By the way, Mr. Jones, our pastor will preach to-night on a subject in which I think you will be interested. Won't you come out and hear him." To another might be said, "Mr. Smith, our pastor is very anxious to have all the prominent men of our town at the church to-night and I have been requested to ask you to come;" and so, adapting the form of the invitation to the person invited, you will be surprised to find how many will appreciate the invitation and what a good per cent of those invited will attend. "Now, boys," said the pastor, "let us kneel down and ask God to bless us in our work."

Several of these young Christians testified afterward that this was one of the happiest Sunday afternoons they had ever spent. They were successful in their work. Some of those invited did not attend the service, but many did. All the boys were there.

This plan may be varied by calling for a similar number of girls the next Sunday afternoon, sending them out after the young ladies. Their mothers may be asked to visit and invite mothers, and so on, until every person in a community has been personally invited and urged to attend the services of the church.

God has made no promises of success to any who are half-hearted, while they who seek him with their whole heart will prosper, both at the throne of grace and in the field of conflict. Heartiness in prayer with heartiness in work is demanded by God as a condition of success.

A Christian is incompetent for service without Christ for his partner.

The church is a workshop where men are moulded and fashioned after the Divine pattern and sent out to purify society.

HOW TO IMPROVE THE PRAYER MEETING.

"It is impossible to over-estimate the value of the prayer-meeting, as it stands related to the life and usefulness of the church of Christ" is a statement made by Rev. Lewis O. Thompson, and which every pastor will endorse. The weekly prayer-meeting is the pulse of the church. Given a live prayer-meeting and you will have a church with spiritual life and power. Neglect the prayer-meeting, let it lack in interest and life and the church will be spiritually cold and dead. Here is a description of a prayer-meeting. Have you ever seen anything that answers to it? "The number present ranged from fifteen to twenty-five, and most of them were the female members, one old class-leader and three stewards, with the young brother who everybody says is 'called to preach,' this is the 'crowd.'" The leader, most likely the pastor, occupies most of the hour in cold doctrinal remarks, and then observed, as he had been doing just at this moment for months, if not for years, "Brethren, the meeting is now open." He waits about a minute; there is no response, and he says, "Brethren don't wait one for another, occupy the time, brethren." Another solemn pause, until finally the class-leader takes pity on the leader or the meeting and makes a few forced and uninteresting remarks. He is followed by the young brother who had been "called to preach." Another painful pause and the leader calls on the class-leader to pray. A doleful song is sung and the prayer-meeting is over. Oh! how cold such a meeting is! cold enough to freeze up any longings to be a Christian, in the breast of a sinner who might have chanced to happen in. Dr. Thompson calls such a meeting a "spiritual refrigerator."

Our prayer-meeting is not what it ought to be; how can we improve it?

(1) Find out its faults. See what it lacks. Invite all to send to the pastor, in writing, their honest opinion as to how the service can be improved, and that too without signing their names. This will call forth a frank expression of opinion without subjecting anyone to the charge of fault-finding. Let these notes be read in the next meeting by the pastor, or, better still, by different people who feel that they cannot speak or pray in public. Follow the reading of the written opinions by a discussion of the subject and earnest prayer and then invite all who, in view of what has been said, will endeavor to do what they can to improve the meeting to rise. "Surely such a service cannot fail," says the "World Christian," from which these suggestions are taken, "to put new life into any prayer-meeting which has fallen into ruts. A discussion of the subject without the anonymous opinions often fails because people are afraid of hurting some one's feelings, whereas at times the truth should be spoken, even if individuals suffer."

(2) Have a definite object. Many meetings fail at this point. They have a carefully selected subject, but apparently no object, which is of infinitely more consequence than the subject. Many a so-called prayer-meeting is no prayer-meeting at all, but is all talk—often the same

talk the people have heard many times before—and it is no wonder they are dull and powerless. The object of these gatherings of the church should be to gain spiritual strength, and prayer is the grand channel through which this strength can be received, therefore, make the hour full of prayer—short prayers, earnest, simple prayers, but have a number of them.

There should be plenty of singing—not an entire hymn, but a verse thrown in between the prayers and remarks. If the organ is used at all, do not let precious time be occupied by playing the melody all through, or by interludes, which are always a serious infliction on the people. Above all, insist that the remarks be brief, not more than three minutes, and if the brother is burdened to say more, let him keep it carefully for another time. Three minutes is long enough for the utterances of one thought, and this is all that any one person should give in a meeting of only one hour's duration.

(3) Let it be understood that the prayer-meeting is the people's meeting. The Sabbath is the day for the ministration of the pastor. If it is not wise for the people to conduct the services on Sunday, neither is it wise for the pastor to monopolize the exercises of the week-day meeting.

Let one Wednesday evening (if this is "prayer-meeting night," as it is termed in the south), be given to the Sunday-school superintendent. He is the leader. The Sunday-school and its all important work is the theme. The leader magnifies this work. The prayers are all specially for God's blessing upon the teachers and their classes, the superintendent and his work. This is the time for the superintendent to secure teachers. For the teacher, who has been deeply concerned for the salvation of a member of his class to bring the pupil to decide for Christ. The meeting closes with a proposition by the superintendent to the teachers to join him at the altar in a reconsecration of themselves to their work and in praying for a fresh baptism of the Spirit for service.

Another Wednesday evening service might be given over to the "official board." The meeting is lead by the chairman or elder. The leader reads selections from God's word concerning the work of those who "serve tables," and the duties enjoined upon them. Brief talks are made by the other stewards or deacons. The prayers are all specially that God's blessing may rest upon the officers of the church, and that they may be given Divine help in their delicate and difficult work.

The next prayer-meeting service might be conducted by the president of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor or Epworth League. Again the leaders may be the workers in the Women's Societies, and so every department of church work may be brought in touch with the prayer-meeting. It will thus become the means for awakening spiritual emotion, bringing the workers face to face with God, and kindling the fires of devotion, until the altar is all ablaze with the sacrifice of willing hearts; until every one is ready to say, "O God,

Thy will be done." Is it not the true object of the prayer-meeting to bring every soul to the point where it is willing to do its duty, so that decisions may be made and results may be secured right then and there?

HOW TO SUCCEED.

Success is more largely the result of industry and tact than anything else. To succeed a man must have a definite object in view—he must determine how much he wishes to accomplish—the measure of success desired. "This fixed, then he must organize his resources and concentrate his powers, allowing no waste nor friction at any part or place. A man who works without a definite measure or purpose in view, accomplishes but little if anything. Economy is the worker's safeguard. No matter what his resources are, without economy they will be scattered to the winds. Economy here is used in its broadest sense, and means to husband, and organize and systemize everything belonging to the worker. How many preachers enter upon their labors without any fixed purpose, influenced and controlled by circumstances! Some pastors preach fine sermons, entertain, delight and instruct their hearers, but neglect to follow this up with pastoral visiting. Some devote themselves to pastoral work and neglect sermon preparation, while others devote a good deal of time to sermon preparation and pastoral visiting, but neglect the material or business part of the work. The pastor's work may be divided into three parts and each part is closely allied with and dependent upon the other, viz., preaching, pastoral visitation and the business of the charge; these three form the trinity of his obligations. An inspiring, soul-feeding sermon opens the door of every hearer, and the preacher in the pastoral visit, may follow up the discourse, and seal its every divine truth. The pastoral visit opens his way to the business feature of his work, where he may lay his plans before his people and engage their sympathy and support. Let the preacher raise his standard ten per cent each year and he will increase ten per cent.

As a rule, men do not accomplish more than they purpose. Success is not an accident, but a sequence—the fruit of honest, intelligent toil. Let the preacher determine in the beginning of the year that he will improve his preaching ten per cent, his pastoral work ten per cent and his business methods ten per cent, and he will find as his preaching improves, that his pastoral and business efficiency and interest will keep pace with his pulpit labors. A preacher never gets old as long as he grows.—Selected.

HOW TO SECURE PERSONAL WORKERS.

By Rev. H. B. Mays.

Every pastor is entitled to personal workers in his congregation. Every Christian is entitled to be instructed how to do personal work. The only way for both to secure their rights, where there are few or no efficient workers, is for the one to train the other. As this brief article is designed to be practical and helpful, we will not theorize, but deal in actual experience.

In A——, it was my privilege to take work. At once we felt the need of trained young men for active Christian service. But we made no wholesale call for volunteers. Mentally, a score were selected as probable material. These were approached one at the time, and the duty of the personal work, and the scheme of actually training for it, was laid before them in loving earnestness. Incidentally the impression was created that it was in the nature of a special privilege to them to be members of such a class. To further enhance the appreciation of members, the limit of the class was made twelve in number. The dozen were secured with not overmuch difficulty, each promising to faithfully study and to work for some one unconverted. Thursday evening was the time fixed for meeting.

The class was to be held for only one hour, and at its conclusion it was dismissed with religious punctuality, but many a night—yes, a majority of them—ten o'clock found most of the members still in interested conversation on the lesson. The sessions were held in a room not too large, well-lighted, comfortable and well-ventilated. Particular attention was paid to these details. The class met around a table, Bible and note-book in hand, and piled in the center was a Concordance, Bible Dictionary, Revised Bible and a Bible Text Encyclopædia.

The lesson consisted of Bible study, the first twenty minutes, such as outline and teaching of books of the Bible, a character, topic, or paragraph study. Whichever line we chose was pursued for the quarter. The next twenty minutes were devoted to consideration of personal work, especially answering objections made by inquirers, not by argument but from God's Word. The most common excuses the unconverted make when approached on the subject of personal religion, were considered first—such as "some other time," "don't feel that I ought to," "afraid I can't hold out," "too much to give up," etc. Three verses were selected in answer to each objection and committed to memory so as to be ready for use whenever and wherever the inquirer presented himself. For instance, the verses selected on "afraid I can't hold out" were Phil. 1: 6; Heb. 7: 25; Jude 24. The rest of the hour was spent in hearing reports of work already done, and the presenting to the class for private consideration, any case where a failure may have been met. At next meeting, if new light was received, the worker would try again. Sometimes the members would exchange subjects, generally turning the unpromising ones over to the teacher.

Such, in brief, is the outline of the plan of training. Now for the results. Only one or two of the class had ever before attempted any church work. But they soon got into the harness. The class was astonished when the teacher quietly announced as a matter of course, at the conclusion of the first session: "We will bow our heads and each offer a sentence prayer, commencing at the right and going round." Half of them had never heard themselves pray since at their mother's knee, but not one failed. It was not long until they were ready for work in meetings. And no one

that ever requested prayer was allowed to leave the meeting until he had been personally dealt with. No matter what phase of Christian work was to be done, the matter had only to be broached in the class and there were volunteers at once. The sick had watchers and the missions had workers. And when we left A—, two of the class had been presidents of the Epworth League, one was studying for the ministry, one was a superintendent of a mission Sunday-school, another became assistant secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, while any one of them would lead a prayer-meeting.

Revival Methods.

We are in receipt of a package containing samples of the printed forms used by Rev. Lewis L. Thomas of Bronson, Mich., in his church work. They are all unique and up-to-date.

We are specially impressed with the "Pastoral Letter," which he sends to his members some four weeks prior to a revival meeting. We give the letter as an excellent illustration of a stirring call to the church to "come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

Bronson, Mich., Oct. 26, 1900.

Dearly Beloved:—I want to come in and have a little talk with you concerning the special work for the Master in the interest of lost souls, about to begin in our church. A revival is the best gift God ever gave to man.

Out of the 2,766,656 members we have in our church, it is estimated that over 2,077,742 were converted and joined during a revival.

Of the 31,922 ministers in our church, over 25,000 were converted during a revival. All of our great benevolent societies were hurled out as hot thunderbolts from hearts and churches that were filled and thrilled with a revival spirit. Yea and World-Wide Methodism is the child of a revival that began in the hearts of two brothers, John and Chas. Wesley. The same is true of other denominations. "The Episcopalians boast that they are Apostolic. This carries them back to Pentecost, when 3,000 were converted in a single day. They started well. The Lutheran church started with the Revival Luther inaugurated. The Congregationalists sprang from the Puritan revival in England. The Presbyterians are the result of the mighty revival led by Calvin, Knox and others. The Quakers rose from the revival under George Fox. The Baptists sprang from that revival and persecution which gave John Bunyan and his Pilgrim's Progress to the world." Thus have revivals been the birth time and place of the church militant and her sons and daughters. But these facts are not all that should incite us to press on and labor for a work of Grace in our midst. There are others that are personal. Inasmuch as we have been redeemed at a tremendous cost, viz., the sacrifice of God's Son, and God had mercy upon us while we were yet rebels against his government, loving and forgiving us and inasmuch as Jesus came to seek and to save the lost and we are only following in his footsteps so far as we endeavor to do the same, and inasmuch as

we can pass this way but once and our days are already numbered, our time to live so short, our grave so near, eternity so long, the harvest so great, the laborers so few, therefore ought we to labor the more earnestly for Christ. In view of all this we beseech you by the mercies of God, by the judgments of the Great Day, by the value of immortal souls, by the love of Christ, to do all you can to promote a glorious revival in our church. Up! up! in God's name up! The pew calls for it; the whitened harvest calls for it; the shortness of time calls for it; the Son of God calls for it; the white robed throng calls for it; heaven and earth are both awake to the need of a revival in our church! Up! up! in God's name up, for the only thing that will save the honor of Christ and the glory of Zion in our midst is a revival. Up! up! for while you wait, souls are sinking into hell every minute. Do not miss a service of the afternoon or evening, arrange your domestic and business affairs and social functions so that they will not interfere with your attendance upon the services. Pray for the Pastor and his Helper. Respond promptly to prayer, testimony and altar services. Do not find fault, do not grumble, do not pout, about this or that. Cheer the pastor, cheer the workers, cheer them on, cheer them up. Begin at the beginning. If you do not get into the spirit of sacrifice, of self-denial, of prayer, of testimony in the Lord, at the commencement or during the meetings at the close you will be farther away from your crown than at the beginning, possibly out of sight of it entirely. For Christ is a Savior of Life, and Hel) to the worker and a Savior of death to the shirker. The shirker He will curse and spue out of his mouth. He says so. Read Judges 5: 23, Amos 6: 1, Rev. 3: 16.

Fellow-Christian, God holds you individually responsible for your unfaithfulness irrespective of the unfaithfulness of others. He expects you to do what you can now in this work. Will you do it? Let your solemn purpose now be registered in heaven and may the God of peace sanctify and strengthen you for the work.

Yours in His Name,

LEWIS LA RENEL THOMAS.

We believe that the present agitation with the somewhat severe criticism to be found in both the religious and secular press, as to the relation of the church to the world, indicate healthfulness and vigor, and prove the power of the church in the world.

"When I was a young man I was sure of everything; but in a few years, finding myself mistaken in a thousand instances, I became not half so sure of most things as before."—John Wesley.

Some one commending Philip of Macedon for drinking freely, "That," said Demonthenes. "is a good quality in a sponge but not in a king."

"Tommy," said the teacher to a pupil in the juvenile class, "what is syntax?" "I guess it must be the tax on whisky," replied Tommy.—Chicago News.

CHURCH FINANCES.

In no respect is reform in the methods of church work so urgently needed as in the matter of church finances.

This conviction is steadily growing, especially among the men and the women whose official position in the church makes them responsible for the means to carry on the rapidly expanding work of the church. The old hap-hazard, unsystematic, impulsive methods of raising money for religious purposes have proven wholly inadequate to meet the growing demands of Christian enterprise, and have tended to repress rather than develop the true Spirit of Christian liberality. As a consequence all the great benevolent institutions of the church are crippled for lack of funds. But the hopeful sign is, that the emergency of the case is beginning to call attention to the radical defects in the financial policy of the church; and the question of reform is being agitated in the pulpits, and through the religious press of all Protestant churches. Evidently this is the line on which the next great reform in the progress of Christ's kingdom is to move. It worked a great epoch when the era of modern missions dawned upon the Christian world. We of this generation are amazed that the church was so slow to apprehend this meaning of the "Great Commission," as we now read it, until within a few generations, it was almost wholly disregarded throughout all Protestant Christendom.

So it is yet, to a very large extent, concerning the scriptural method for providing the means to carry out the commission. The Divine rule on the subject is, by the great body of the church wholly disregarded. Few professing Christians there are who have definite convictions concerning their duty to give unto the Lord some part of their substance.

But there are signs of a great awakening on the subject. The question of systematic benevolence is coming to the front. And there is now no lack of literature on the subject in the way of sermons, essays, tracts, etc.

Now let pastors and laymen, Christian men and women everywhere, who realize the imperative need of reform in this matter, unite in sowing down the whole field of the church with sound teachings on Christian Giving. Let the subject be properly discussed from pulpit and platform and the good work go on until the Scripture doctrine of giving to support the Gospel, comes to be as well understood as is now the doctrine of giving the Gospel to all the world. Then, with quickened piety at home, as at once "a condition and a result" of this reform, and with widening fields abroad, the church will move out rapidly on new and broader lines of conquest for the King.

Every pastor is as much under obligation to work to this end and to preach on this subject as he is to work and preach on other important lines. We need systematic, persistent effort on the part of our pastors, that our people may be enlightened and their consciences quickened. It is our purpose to do what we can to advance this needed reform.

How to Raise Church Funds.

BY A BUSINESS MAN.

St. Paul says, I Cor. 16:2, "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him." This plain injunction inculcates the principle of systematic giving and in its practical application furnishes the solution of the problem of church finances. Containing as it does a command, "Let every one of you," the duty is binding on all Christians. This being true, there should be some definite plan of operation—some method by which every member can be reached, and given opportunity to obey the command.

The plan known in a general way as "The Envelope Plan," is beyond question the method best adapted to meet this end, and secure the desired results. There are a great variety of forms for introducing and working this plan. Some of the "systems" are altogether too complicated to be successfully used in smaller churches in village and country. My purpose in this article is to suggest a simple plan which we have worked most satisfactorily in our church (a small village congregation) for several years past.

And now to the practical question, the "how." First of all, it is necessary that the pastor be, not only thoroughly convinced of the necessity for some plan or system for raising the funds necessary to meet the financial needs of the church, but he must be enthusiastic, and determined. He should himself study the subject, be prepared to present the strong points in the plan, and emphasize the scripturalness of the method; ready to meet all objections, and determined to overcome all difficulties. It oftentimes takes not only grace but grit to get a church out of ruts.

Next the stewards or financial board must be thoroughly committed to the plan. They must take the lead.

Let the pastor call a meeting early in the year of his official board. Let him show to them:

- (1) The imperative need of some plan.
- (2) That this plan is the Bible plan.
- (3) That the plan will systematize the work of the financial board, fix responsibility, and locate inefficiency.
- (4) That by this plan every member of the church can be reached and given opportunity to give. The poor widow can cast in her "two mites" in precisely the same way as the rich banker may give his dollars.
- (5) That by this plan the obligations upon the church are distributed upon the broad basis of the entire membership, and the faithful steward is relieved of the unequal burden he often bears.

(6) In a word, it is the practical application of sound business principles to the work of the church.

The plan having been agreed upon by the official board, the next step will be:

To divide the entire membership into classes,

assigning a given number to each steward, or collector.

Then make an assessment of so much per week or month on each member.

I am prepared to say from experience, that even under the most unfavorable conditions the introduction of this system, if faithfully worked, will largely increase the contributions. It is surprising to find how many women and children in a congregation will readily accept an apportionment, and cheerfully pay five or ten cents per week, or more, the year round. Ten cents per week seems a mere pittance, and the business man accustomed to handling large sums may think it a small business, and that on such a basis there would be little prospect of supporting a pastor and meeting the other demands upon the church. Let us see: Suppose an average church, in a small town, of 200 members; count out if you will 75 to cover the very poor, very small children and others who cannot or will not pay, we have 125 members left, who will pay from five cents a week up to \$1.00. Now calculate the result:

25 members give 5 cents per week, or \$65.00 for the year.

30 members give 10 cents per week, or \$156.00 for the year.

20 members give 15 cents per week, or \$156.00 for the year.

25 members give 25 cents per week, or \$325.00 for the year.

20 members give 50 cents per week, or \$520.00 for the year.

5 members give \$1.00 per week, or \$260.00 for the year.

Thus our 125 members will give \$1,482.00 annually.

You will have \$1,000 for your pastor's salary and nearly \$500 for benevolent causes and incidentals.

Having made an assessment or apportionment to each member, let the secretary on a neat card, or in a circular letter, notify each individual of his apportionment.

We have found the assessment plan better than the subscription plan for the following reasons:

(1) Most people have an aversion to signing their names to an obligation; this plan secures the moral force of an obligation without their signature.

(2) All fair-minded members want to pay the amount needed if they knew what it is; this plan suggests the amount needed, yet fully retains the voluntary idea of Christian giving.

(3) It is the plan of most of the churches. In all Methodist Episcopal churches, all benevolent causes are thus provided for. Apportioned, first to the annual conference; secondly, to the districts; thirdly, to the pastoral charges.

(4) It is educational in its influence on each member.

[Note: It should be stated in the apportionment card, or circular letter, that the apportionment is subject to change if thought too large or too small by the individual by simply notifying the secretary. In a future number of Current Anecdotes we shall give a unique form for making such apportionment, with a perforated blank attached, on which such

change can be made. It should also be stated that if the financial board receives no notice of change the apportionment will be regarded as satisfactory.]

A package of 52 envelopes if weekly, 12 if monthly collections are to be taken, should be furnished each member. These envelopes can be had in a variety of styles. The main thing is that each member be certainly supplied and that a supply be always convenient in the vestibule or pews of the church.

A monthly or quarterly statement should be sent by the secretary and treasurer to all members in arrears, and duplicates placed in the hands of the stewards or collectors, so that they may call personally upon the delinquent members of their several classes.

A Treasurer's book is of course a necessity. There are many admirable forms. A steward's or collector's book is advertised in our advertising pages. A letter addressed to "Department of Methods," Current Anecdotes, 700 Rose Building, Cleveland, Ohio, inclosing five two-cent stamps will bring you samples and prices of the most approved forms for working this plan. In another article I shall give some practical suggestions of special interest to country churches and their pastors.

TO OUR READERS.

We wish to repeat our request to pastors to send to my address below specimens of the printed forms used in church work. Due credit will be given for any form we may reproduce in this department.

We also invite contributions. If God has blessed you in the use of special plans or original methods, why not extend the blessing by telling us how it was done.

We will undertake to answer any inquiries involving methods of church work.

Our department will be enlarged and we shall give to our readers a greater variety of matter, keeping our motto in mind all the while, "Not what, but how." Above all else we want to make this department practical and helpfully suggestive.

Mail me specimens of your church printed matter and help us thus in our work.

ELLISON R. COOK,
Dahlonega, Ga.

In "Realms of the Hapsburgs," Mr. Sidney Whitman relates that in a little Austrian town the custom of waking up the citizens still prevails. At five o'clock the public watchman goes about, calling out: "The clock has struck five. Beloved Christians, rise up and praise the Lord."

It happens that in this town there are many Jews, who are respected citizens. One day one of them went to the mayor and said:

"In my street more Jews than Christians live. Why cannot your watchman also call out 'Beloved Jews,' when he goes through that street?"

"No, Moses," answered the mayor, "you Jews are always wide awake; but if I were not to wake the Christians, some of them would sleep all day!"

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

Edited by F. M. Barton.

FOOT PRINTS ON THE SANDS

Recent Events that are Valuable for Sermon Points.

THE SILENT CHURCH BELL.

When St. Paul's congregation, Cleveland, moved from the corner of Sheriff street and Euclid avenue, in 1877, the large bell which had been in service in the old structure was taken out and placed in the tower of the new building. The bell was a gift to the church and a costly affair and it is said to have an especially sweet tone, although a very few of the congregation have ever heard its call to service.

Since that time the bell has tolled but twice. On the occasion of the Garfield memorial services some years ago, and at the funeral services of the senior warden of the church.

The reason for the bell's long silence was an aversion which a prominent citizen, who died some years ago, took to the noise of church bells. It may have been that the sweetly dissonant clangor of the summer of the faithful disturbed the citizen's slumber. At any rate he offered to give a handsome yearly subscription to the church on condition that the bell remain silent. The condition was accepted.

At the death of the prominent citizen above mentioned the annual subscription ceased, but the bell still remained silent. The habit of getting to church without the warning notes of the bell had been formed and the bell was no longer necessary. Or perhaps the rector, the sexton and most of the parishioners had forgotten that the church possessed such a thing.—The world has silenced more than the bell in some churches. (831)

WORKINGMAN'S FRIEND?

According to the United States census bureau report, the breweries of Rochester, N. Y., have \$6,455,000 capital invested; they pay \$381,000 in wages, and employ 434 hands. The men's clothing industry, with \$300,000 less capital invested, pay \$1,561,000 in wages and employ 3,132 hands. The boot and shoe industry in Rochester with \$3,281,000 capital invested, about one-half the amount invested in breweries, pay \$2,031,000 in wages and employ 4,868 hands.—And yet the saloon-power in politics is greater than that of the other industries combined. (832)

GALVESTON.

Now and again the elements arise in wrath, as if to protest against our taming of them. In the Texas, city men said to the sea: "You shall not threaten our safe harbor." So money was got, and men swarmed the beach like ants, and long jetties thrust their noses for miles out into the water. The sea muttered, and bided her time. And when the work was done and the people said, "Now we are safe!" she piled up her great waves, made the jetties serve as a wedge, and hurled herself upon the city.—Great Round World. (833)

KILLED BY COLDNESS.

We know a young lady whose father journeyed three thousand miles to see her, his heart recalling all her early sweetness and bounding gladly as he drew near. She met him reluctantly, coldly accepting his lovely gifts, and declining to see him again. He left her a dying man! She fancied he had once wronged her mother, finding out too late her misapprehension.

It would not have harmed her to have exhibited a little natural affection even had he been the veriest wretch instead of an honored and respected man.—Judge not. (834)

PRAYED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

A thrilling scene was witnessed in the Gospel Tent in New York a few days ago. Among the crowds gathered at one of the evening services was a lady who paid close attention to the address. She was accompanied by a man, evidently her husband, who appeared less familiar than she with the order of the exercises. At the close of his address, Mr. Pratt invited any one present who desired to make confession of Christ to do so there and then. This lady was among those who responded. In a voice trembling with emotion, she told of the conversion of her husband. For twenty-five years she said, she had been praying that he might be born again. No result had come, but she could not bear to give up hope. Day after day, year after year, her chief supplication was that he might be saved. When the tent meetings began this summer, she had begged him to accompany her. At first he declined, but one night he yielded to her urging and went with her. He was deeply impressed, and he went again and again, and at last she had the joy of knowing that he had given himself to Christ. "He cannot speak for himself in such an assembly as this," she said; "but he is truly converted, and he is here to-night rejoicing in Christ." After she had taken her seat, her husband rose. "I can speak for myself," he said. And then in solemn earnest tones, he told how he had come to the meetings a stranger to Christ and indifferent to the Gospel; and how the Holy Spirit had moved on his soul bringing him into light and peace.—Pray without ceasing and keep your prayers trained on one object. (835)

ONE IN FIFTY SAVED.

Mr. Patrick Joyce lived in a house which was entirely demolished by the Galveston disaster. "There were nine families living in the house," he says, "but of the fifty people included among them my niece and myself were the only ones to escape." Joyce climbed on some floating wreckage and drifted with the currents. After a time his niece was knocked from his

arms and drowned. He was carried on by the waters, sometimes clinging to wreckage, and again swept away and obliged to swim. A little before daylight he found himself on the mainland, after spending seven hours in the water. He then got to Lamarque, a few miles south of Virginia Point. (836)

MINERS STRIKE.

As a result of the strike of some 140,000 miners in the anthracite coal regions coal has been advanced twenty-five to fifty cents a ton in many places throughout the country. The loss to the miners in wages, the loss to the operators and railroad companies will soon amount to 10,000,000 of dollars. It is probable that the 10 per cent advance would be agreed upon, but it will take some time for this advance to pay the loss in wages, but the men had to make a show of their power and force to obtain it. The same old force that might be displaced by love. But how much more sad to see a strike in a church, where the loss is counted in spiritual life and souls instead of dollars. (837)

LOSS OF LIFE IN CHINA.

Consul-General Goodnow, the representative of the United States at Shanghai, after making as thorough an investigation as is possible in the present circumstances, reports that the number of British and American missionaries murdered during the present Chinese uprising is probably ninety-three. Of 170 others, stationed in the provinces of Shensi and Chihli, nothing can be learned; many of them may have escaped. Those definitely known to have been killed include twenty-two Americans and thirty-four British. The missionaries here referred to are Protestants; the number of Roman Catholics killed has not been ascertained.

It is said that the flight of missionaries from the inland stations has led the Chinese to think that the foreigners have been defeated. The escapes of many of the missionaries were very close. One man is said to have been taken a long distance in a coffin by his trusted native converts.—But the worst thing missionaries will have to explain away is the conduct of soldiers from Christian lands in helping themselves to the spoil. (838)

INDIA FAMINE.

Early in August the number of persons receiving famine relief in India was 6,266,000; since that time the number has decreased to about 4,000,000.

Lord Curzon, the Viceroy, recently made a tour through the famine districts, making personal investigation of the distressing conditions. There had been charges of maladministration in some districts, but the Viceroy came to the conclusion that local officials had simply been overwhelmed by the combined scourges of cholera and famine, and had done as well as they could.

The people of Gujerat and Kathiawar were betraying so great unrest because of the delay of the monsoon that Lord Curzon changed his itinerary to make a sudden visit to these districts. He had hardly taken this step when

the rains began in the disaffected regions, and the superstitious natives at once concluded that the relief was due to the personal intervention of the Viceroy. By many he is now worshipped as a demigod. (839)

UNKNOWN FREEDOM.

If the word of Wade Crowder, says the Great Round World, a colored refugee, is to be accepted, slavery still exists in the interior of Mississippi, beyond the Yazoo Mountains. Crowder arrived in Joliet, Illinois, last week, with his wife and daughter, and told an almost incredible story. "I was born," he said, "on Marse Crowder's plantation in Mississippi, about fifty miles south of Grenada. I did not know I was free until a week ago, and neither did any of us. We never heard of the war. We just worked away picking cotton on the plantation, and nobody ever came there to tell us we were free.

Crowder then explained that a short time ago his wife was whipped because she did not pick her full share of cotton. Thereupon twelve of the seventy-five negroes on the plantation decided to run away, and made their escape successfully. It is not impossible—though it seems unlikely—that such a state of affairs may exist in the remote backwoods.—Christ set sinners free, but many do not accept and profit by it. (840)

SHOT WHILE LEADING A PRAYER MEETING.

In one of the suburbs of Cape Town where the Boer prisoners were confined one young prisoner, Philip Cronje, a fine scholar and conscientious Christian who was preparing for the ministry, gathered the prisoners together every night for prayer.

Around their quarters was a wire fence called the "dead line," and the sentries had orders to shoot any prisoner who touched this wire after being warned.

One night, when young Cronje led the meeting, the subject was "Our Eemies," and they were praying for them. As he held the hymn-book in his hand and gave out the hymn, "When I survey the wondrous cross," he stepped back to get a better light, and came close to the wire without noticing it. The sentry called out, but those who were singing heartily did not hear him.

Suddenly the praying band were startled by the report of a gun, and their young leader, whom they loved, fell down in their midst with his hymn-book still clasped in his hand.

He died in the night, after telling the doctor that he did not hear the sentry. (841)

A SLIGHT INACCURACY.

"Mamma," said the little girl, her eyes wide with excitement. "I do believe the minister told a story!"

"Why, the idea!" said her mother. "You don't know what you are saying."

"But I do, mamma. I heard papa ask him how long he had worn chin whiskers, and he said he had worn them all his life."—Indianapolis Press.

MEN AND MENTION.

PAY FOR DUTY.

Lincoln always yearned for a rounded wholeness of character; so much so, that his fellow lawyers called him "perversely honest." Nothing could induce him to knowingly take the wrong side of a case; or to continue on that side after learning that it was unjust or hopeless. After giving considerable time to a suit in which he had received from a lady a retainer of two hundred dollars, he returned the money, saying:

"Madame, you have not a peg to hang your case on."

"But you have earned that money," said the lady.

"No, no," replied Lincoln, "that would not be right. I can't take pay for doing my duty."
—Commonwealth. (842)

OPPORTUNITY.

The late John J. Ingalls, in early life, wrote the following poem on opportunity:

Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.
I answer not, and I return no more. (843)

MEMORY OF MOTHER. ⁵¹⁴44

My sweetest memory is to remember lying awake at night on my bed in my little room, hearing the voice of my dear mother, who for twenty-five years had never a night without pain, and never a night with two hours unbroken sleep and through all that quarter of a century this light shone, till it brought in the everlasting day. My earliest and tenderest memory is lying awake and hearing her, not singing, but trying to forget her pains by reading in the silence of the night, with all the house, as she thought, sleeping around her, though I was awake. And I can hear her in her woman's voice—and all memories hover over it, for the sweetest voice that can fall on a man's ear is that of his mother—"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil. Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me!" Sweet mother! May your child rise up some day and bear a like testimony for you!—John McNeill. (844)

PRICE OF LIFE AND PEACE.

Patrick Henry's speech is, or ought to be, known by heart by every American schoolboy. It was delivered in the Virginia House of Delegates, March 23, 1775, before the battles of Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill. His impassioned peroration left not only his aud-

ience, but also the nation, in the white heat of decision and determination. He said:

"The war is inevitable and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come! It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace. The war has actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!" (845)

THE PRAYER BELL.

Emperor William recently said: "God has hung the prayer bell in sunshine and happiness. How often does it hang there mute! But when the storm wind of necessity breaks out it begins to sound. May the earnest days that are upon us, the heavy clouds which gather over us, set the prayer bells ringing. Let our prayers be as a wall of fire round the camp of our brethren. Eternity will show that the secret prayers of righteous men were a great power in these struggles, and will reveal the fulfilment of the old promise, 'Call upon me in trouble and I will deliver thee.' Therefore pray continuously." (846)

SATAN'S METHODS.

Satan puts into the theatre a magnificent play, a play that would do every Christian good to see, and he says to Christians, "Now I wouldn't be a fool if I were you; I wouldn't be so foolish as to condemn anything so good as that." And a great many good people patronize it.

But Satan immediately suggests to the managers to put in just a little lower class play. Then something that is wicked and profane. Then Satan comes along with a little lower play, until he at last comes down to that shameless institution that no pure woman can look at without blushing; if she can, she is herself a woman of bad character.—Russel Conwell.

(847)

BROOKS.

A reminiscent article on Bishop Phillips Brooks appeared in the September Ladies' Home Journal. It is in the form of a series of anecdotes which accurately reflect the characteristics of the beloved bishop. These anecdotes were gathered from his most confidential friends, are mostly new, and all are effectively told.

"Dey is a mighty good temperance sermon in a freight train," says Uncle Mose. "No matter how much de cars dey gets loaded, de ingine what does de work gets along strictly on water."

THE CHILDREN.

HURRAHING FOR OTHERS.

The back yard had taken on a highly military aspect. There were soldiers with broomsticks, an officer with a wooden sword, a proud boy with a flaŕ too large for him, and a band" with a gayly painted drum, which he was beating furiously. Only little Robbie sat forlornly on the steps and looked on. A treacherous bit of glass had disabled his foot, and he could not keep up with the army.

"I can't do nothin'," he said, disconsolately.
 "Yes, you can," answered Captain Fred.
 "You can hurrah when the rest of us go by."
 (848)

SAVED BY A DOLL.

The Oregonian gives a story by an Indian agent of the manner in which a doll averted an Indian war.

On the occasion General Crook was trying to put a band of Apaches back on their reservation, but could not catch them without killing them, and that he did not wish to do.

One day his men captured a little Indian girl and took her to the fort. She was quiet all day, saying not a word, but her beady black eyes watched everything. When night came, however, she broke down and sobbed, just as any white child would have done.

The men tried in vain to comfort her, until the agent had an idea. From an officer's wife he borrowed a pretty doll that belonged to his little daughter, and when the Apache was made to understand that she could have it, her sobs ceased and she fell asleep. When morning came the doll was still clasped in her arms. She played with it all day, and apparently all thought of getting back to her tribe left her.

Several days passed, and then the little Apache girl, with the doll still in her possession, was sent back to her people. When the child reached the Indians with the pretty doll in her chubby hands, it made a great sensation among them, and the next day the mother came with the child to the post. She was kindly received and hospitably treated, and through her the tribe was persuaded to move back to the reservation.
 (849)

MILK AND HONEY.

In a Glasgow Sunday-school one Sunday the lesson bore on the land of Canaan, where it is spoken of as a land flowing with milk and honey.

"What do you think a land flowing with milk and honey would be like?" asked the lady teacher.

"It would be awfu' sticky," responded a wee chap at the foot of the class.
 (850)

MOTHER'S PRACTICING.

Striking testimony to the power and influence of noble living was given by a young man who was being examined preparatory to being admitted to the church.

Among the questions put to him was this: "Under whose preaching were you converted?"

"Under nobody's preaching," was the prompt reply; "I was converted under my mother's practicing."
 (851)

POLITE.

Little Tommy and his younger sister were going to bed without a light. They had just reached the bottom of the stairs when Tommy, after vainly endeavoring to pierce the darkness, turned round and asked: "Ma, is it polite for a gentleman to precede a lady when they have to walk in single file?" "No, my son," replied the mother. "The lady should always take the lead." "I thought so," said Tommy delightedly. "Go ahead, Sue."—*Epworth Herald*.
 (852)

GOD UNDERSTANDS.

A touching little incident is told of one of the Chinese babies, aged about 6 years, who was an inmate of a mission home. One evening, after her evening prayer, she got off her little knees and turned with a very disturbed air, saying, "Mrs. Field, do you think God understands Chinese?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Field, "but why do you ask?"

"Because sometimes when I feel unhappy I like to pray to God in Chinese; of course, I always say my prayers at night in English, but sometimes I like to pray in my own language."

She was assured that her Heavenly Father understood all languages, and she could relieve her over-burdened little heart in her own language in perfect safety.—*Commonwealth*.
 (853)

THE BOY HELD THE SHIP.

The steamship Werra, of the North German line, was ready to sail from her pier at New York, says the Youth's Companion. The parting tears had been shed, the parting embraces and handclaspings were over, and the men at the gangplank, rope in hand, stood impatiently waiting to hoist it clear of the ship. But the gang-plank remained unhoisted, the Werra immovable, all because a six-year-old boy would have it so.

He had bolted for the pier when the warning whistle sounded for visitors to go ashore, and obstinately refused to get on board till he and his grandmother were reunited. She had gone "up-town," he said, to buy him a hat to replace one that had been blown overboard, and till she returned, go on board the Werra he would not.

Minutes were passing into the half-hour, and the captain, becoming impatient, gave orders that the baggage of the boy and his grandmother should be put ashore. It was found, however, that they were "first-class" passengers, and that their baggage was extensive; and as undesirable complications might follow if it were unceremoniously dumped upon the pier and the boy left behind, the order was recalled, and new advances were made to the affectionately obstinate youngster.

So the Werra waited. The captain, from the quarter-deck, viewed the lad with grim perplexity. The passengers, who crowded the rail, eagerly and intensely interested in the outcome, smiled upon him with sympathetic approval, and the crew grinned at the humor of a situation in which their autocratic commander

was powerless before the loving determination of a small boy.

Meanwhile, the grandmother had returned, and had entered the vessel unseen by the boy and unrecognized by the others. She missed him, and in her eager search approached the gangplank and gazed toward the pier. The two saw each other instantly, and the grandmother, ignorant of the boy's reasons for leav-

ing the vessel, and fearing she knew not what, knelt and extended her arms toward him in a dumb entreaty that was needless, for a joyously exultant, "O grandma, I knew you'd come!" was followed by a swift rush of eager feet along the gangplank, and the yearning arms were happily filled. A tremendous cheer rang from decks and pier, and the Werra, released, went on her way. (854)

UNUSUAL.

DISTURBING HIS OWN FUNERAL.

A drunken man fell asleep by the roadside at Delagosa Bay. A patrol coming along thought he was dead, and, as burial in that part of the world follows straight on the heels of death, he was speedily taken to the cemetery, where there are always some open graves. The lowering into the grave aroused the toper, who made such a commotion that he was released. He was immediately fined twenty-five dollars for creating a disturbance at a funeral.

HOW CHRISTIANS FALL OUT.

G. B. R. Hallock says: "We have heard of a little boy who explained his falling out of bed by saying, 'I presume I went to sleep too near where I got in.' Many people fall out of church for the same reason. They go to sleep too near where they got in."

CHEERS AND TIGERS.

Speaking of three "cheers," I am reminded of an incident in a Catholic church in Chicago some years ago. Three Protestant ladies had called at the church during a meeting that was being held in furtherance of some charitable purpose in which they were interested, and when they came down the aisle, all the pews being occupied, the priest in charge said to an attendant, "Three chairs for the Protestant ladies." The attendant misunderstood, and called out, "Three cheers for the Protestant ladies!" The cheers were given with a will, and it was all the holy father could do to stop the exuberant reception before the attendant could call for a "tiger."—Woman's Home Companion.

HIS RULE WORKED BOTH WAYS.

A Chinaman once applied for the position of cook in a family in an American city. The lady of the house and most of the family were members of a fashionable church, and they were determined to look well after the character of the servants. So when John Chinaman appeared at the door, he was asked:

"Do you drink whiskey?"

"No," said he, "I Clistian man."

"Do you play cards?"

"No, I Clistian man."

He was employed, and gave great satisfaction. He did his work well, was honest, upright, correct and respectful. After some weeks the lady gave a progressive euchre party, and had wine at the table. John Chinaman was called upon to serve the party, and did so with

grace and acceptability. But next day he waited on the lady, and said he wished to leave.

"Dear me! What is the matter?" she inquired.

John Chinaman answered: "Ah! I Clistian man; told you so before; no heathen. I no workee for Melican heathen!"

Unbelief is blind to ten thousand facts and evidences all around it. It does not see because it does not try to see. One is pretty apt to see what one wants to see. "I have been in India for many a year, and I never saw a native Christian the whole time." So spoke a colonel on board a steamer going to Bombay. Afterward the same colonel was telling of his hunting experience, and said that thirty tigers had fallen to his rifle. "Did I understand you to say thirty, colonel?" asked a missionary at the table. "Yes sir, thirty," replied the officer. "Well, now, that is strange," said the missionary. "I have been in India twenty-five years, and I never saw a wild live tiger all the while." "Very likely not, sir," said the colonel, "but it was because you did not look for them." "Perhaps it is so," admitted the missionary, "but was not that the reason you never saw a native convert?"—Kaleidoscope.

The superintendent of a city Sunday-school was making an appeal for a collection for a Shut-in Society, and he said: "Can any boy or girl tell me of any shut-in person mentioned in the Bible? Ah, I see several hands raised. That is good. This little boy right in front of me may tell me. Speak up good and loud, that all will hear you, Johnnie." "Jonah," shrieked Johnnie.

A duel was lately fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot, and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, but Shott avows that he was not, which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot or that Nott was shot notwithstanding. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot shot Nott, or, as accidents with firearms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original element, and Shott would be shot and Nott would be not. We think, however, that the shot Shott shot shot not Shott and Nott. Anyway, it is hard to tell who was shot.—Ex.

Summary and Review of Marie Corelli's "Master Christian".—Dodd Mead & Co.

MARIE CORELLI'S "MASTER CHRISTIAN.*

On the title-page, and in the dedication, a menacing and angry note is sounded. "Why call ye Me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" "To all those Churches who quarrel in the name of Christ." But the book opens tranquilly with the chiming of the Angelus from the grey towers of Rouen, and to those who have travelled in Normandy it brings back tender memories.

"Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ,
Sweet were the echoes that fell on the ear."

We think of September afternoons, when we sailed from the Pont Corneille to the Church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours, rising high above the Seine, and overlooking the many black islets which are like a fleet lying motionless in the water. Miss Corelli may have read the votive inscriptions which hang on the walls. "J'ai prie, j'ai ete exauce," "Marie a aide." The words of faith and hope are repeated for the strengthening of those who should come after. This peaceful scene, strange contrast to the roar and racket of Rouen on market-day—came back as I read the first pages of "The Master-Christ.".

In the Cathedral of Notre-Dame, the old-world sanctuary now disfigured by a hideous iron spire, walks the great, but humble guest of the city, the Cardinal-Archbishop Felix Bonpre. His mind travels over the long ages of the Church's history, and as he thinks of the lack of faith in the Christian world, he asks himself the mournful question, "When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" The prelate himself is a man of faith and true believer. He has been passing through a time of spiritual conflict, and his doctors have ordered him to travel. He leaves his Cathedral town (ancient Coutances, with the lovely garden of the Eveche, might have been a home worthy of him, though only a bishop's see), and in the preliminary stage of his tour he comes to Rouen. His journey, nominally undertaken for rest and recreation, has in reality a more serious purpose. "He inwardly resolved to try to prove for himself the truth of how the world was going—whether on the downward road to destruction and death, or up the high ascents of progress and life." It seemed to the Cardinal that the chief cause of the general bewilderment of things was the growing lack of faith in God and hereafter. As he walks in the cathedral, he recalls the words of St. John to the Angel of the Church in Sardis, "I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest and art dead." They are true, he thinks, too true, of the Church in modern times. "Thou hast a few names even in Sardis. 'A few names, but how few . . . The world must be growing old,' said the Cardinal, softly; 'it must be losing its vigour, it is too tired to lift itself to the light, too weary and worn-out to pray. Perhaps the end of all present things is at hand; perhaps it is the beginning of the promised new heavens and new earth.'"

Mr. Hamerton tells us that a French Bishop is passing rich with £400 a year, and the

Cardinal is a type of the ascetic. He lodges in one of the poorest inns of Rouen, where no one stays save the humblest of travellers. The innkeeper, Jean Patoux, and his family, are simple, honest-hearted people, whom one is surprised to meet in the populous Manchester of France. They are provincials in the best sense of the word, and might have belonged to Bonpre's flock at Coutances or St. Lo. Madame Patoux, especially, has a genuine reverence for Monsignor, and believes he will bring her house a blessing. In Henri and Babette, her boy and girl, Miss Corelli has given us normal types of Rouen children, full of the sceptical ideas of the State schools, shrewd and sharp-witted, suspicious of saints and determined not to trust even the Cardinal unless he can cure their lame friend, Fabien Doucet. The Cardinal disclaims all power to work miracles, but promises to see the little friend, and pray for his healing.

That evening he entertains a visitor—the first of the many types of odious Churchmen who walk in dismal procession through this novel. The Archbishop of Rouen wears robes of "rustling silk, from which a faint odour of some delicate perfume seemed wafted as he moved." This foppish dignitary is accompanied by his secretary, Claude Cazeau, a villain pure and simple, who afterwards meets with his well-merited fate at the hands of a mad girl whom he has ruined. While Cazeau sits in the kitchen, giving the honest innkeeper and his children an uncomfortable sensation as of something wicked in their neighborhood, the reverend prelates in the upper chamber engage in high and grave dispute. The Archbishop condemns the "unorthodox" views which a "prince of the Church" dares to hold, but excuses them as the result of physical depression and nervous overstrain.

THE MYSTERIOUS CHILD.

In the dead of night the Cardinal hears a plaintive wailing, as of some human creature in distress. He goes out, "and once more through the deep stillness the little sobbing cry of sorrow was wafted tremulously to his ears. It came, or seemed to come, from the Cathedral, and quickening his steps he went thither. The deeply hollowed portal, full of black shadows, at first showed nothing but its own massively-sculptured outlines. Then, all at once, the Cardinal perceived standing within the embrasured darkness, the slight, shrinking figure of a child. A boy's desolate little figure, with uplifted hands clasped appealingly, and laid against the shut Cathedral door, a face hidden and pressed hard on those hands, as though in mute and inconsolable despair."

"Why are you weeping here alone?" asks Felix Bonpre.

"Because I am left alone to weep," says the boy. "For me, the world is empty."

The good Cardinal takes the little street-waif home, and gives him his own bed. "He has trusted me," said the Cardinal. "I have found him, and I cannot, dare not, forsake him. For the Master says, 'Whosoever shall receive one such little child in My name receiveth Me.'"

Most wonderfully this promise is fulfilled in the old man's experience. The child Manuel becomes his constant companion, and from the first hour he brings a blessing. The lame Fabien Doucet is led in by Henri and Babette, and the Cardinal takes him in his arms and prays for him. But it is when Manuel touches him that the lame boy feels his weakness vanish, and learns to leap and run like a creature who has never known a day of suffering.

The scene changes to Paris, where we meet the gifted Angela Sovrani, the Cardinal's niece, an artist of European celebrity; also the Abbe Vergniaud, a popular preacher with an evil past; the reformer and Socialist, Aubrey Leigh, and the beautiful Sylvie Hermenstein. There is one extraordinary scene in Paris, when the Abbe Vergniaud, having previously confessed in private to the Cardinal, tells the story of his sin to an immense congregation at Notre Dame de Lorette. This Romanist Dean Maitland, whose discourse is as lengthy as those of Pere Ollivier or any of the fashionable Dominicans, comes very near being assassinated in the pulpit. His unacknowledged son has grown up to hate him, and has long sought an opportunity to avenge his mother's shame. He fires at the preacher, but the boy Manuel springs in front of the pulpit, and saves his life, himself escaping unhurt. The Abbe's son, Cyrillon, is known in the literary world as "Gys Grandit," "another kind of Maeterlinck." He writes "fierce political polemics and powerful essays that were the life and soul, meat and drink of the members of the Christian democratic party." He talks at most unconscionable length, and the principal characters listen to him with a deference perhaps inspired by recollections of his pistol. He is obliging enough to say that "in the close extremity of death at my hand" his father won his respect. "He shall keep it. If it be true, as I understand, that he is attacked by a disease which needs must be fatal, his last hours will not be desolate. It may be that I shall give him more comfort than churches, more confidence than creeds." The theological disquisitions of "Gys Grandit" fail to impress the reader. They are too like the pious outpourings of the criminal in the condemned cell.

THE CARDINAL AT ROME.

From the tainted air of Paris the Cardinal, his niece, and Manuel escape to Rome, where a fresh succession of wicked clergy and laymen come on the scene. Florian Varillo, the lover and afterwards the all-but-murderer of Angela Sovrani, is, if possible, a trifle less villainous than Monsignor Gherardi, the "useful man at the Vatican." The crowning scene at Rome is the interview between the Pope and Cardinal Bonpre, which, however, soon changes to an interview between his Holiness and the mysterious Child. The Pope is described as a "pale and aged man, with the deep, dark eyes set in their cavernous sockets, that, as they looked out on the world through the depth of shadow, seemed more like great jewels in the head of a galvanised skeleton than the eyes of a living human being. . . . Attired in the usual white—white cassock, white skull-cap, and

white sash, ornamented with the emblematic keys of St. Peter, embroidered in gold thread at the ends—his unhandsome features, pallid as marble and seemingly as cold—bloodless everywhere, even to the lips, suggested with dreadful exactitude a corpse in burial clothes just lifted from its coffin and placed stiffly upright in a sitting position. Involuntarily Cardinal Bonpre, as he made the usual necessary genuflections, thought, with a shrinking interior sense of horror at the profanity of his own idea, that the Holy Father, as he then appeared, might have posed to a painter of allegories as the frail ghost of a dead Faith."

The Pope reproves Bonpre for mixing himself up with the "doubtful business" of that miracle at Rouen, and with the Abbe Vergniaud and his son. Attention, however, is diverted from the prelate to the boy Manuel, who refuses to kneel to the Pope. Then follows the most striking passage in the book. The boy appeals to the aged Pontiff to come out with him into the world and see the poor lying everywhere at the gates of the churches. He asks him to live as Christ lives, teaching the people personally and openly, loving them, pitying them, sharing their joys and sorrows, blessing their little children. He urges him to abandon the dream of temporal power, and prophesies that for those who reject his appeal terrible days are at hand. Rome shall perish like Babylon.

The remainder of the narrative need not detain us long. Felix Bonpre has incurred the wrath of the Vatican, spies are set to watch him, and his friends consider it expedient that he and Manuel should leave Rome. They travel to London, and there the Cardinal receives the ultimatum of his ecclesiastical superiors. The boy Manuel has become more and more an angelic, a divine presence in his home. The Pope demands, as a condition of his pardon, that he shall sever himself once and forever from the child who has spoken such daring words before the throne of Peter. He must also abandon all connection with his niece Angela Sovrani—whose famous picture, "The Coming of Christ," has aroused the fury of the Church—with the Socialist Aubrey Leigh, and the heretic Sylvie Hermenstein. If he obeys, he will be permitted to end his days in peace in his diocese; if he refuses, degradation and deposition will follow. "To keep the Church," says Manuel, "you must say farewell to me."

The Cardinal writes a long letter to the Pope, in which he refuses to part with the young companion whom he has learned to regard as not altogether of earth, but rather as an angel visitor. He appeals to the Vatican to adopt a new policy: "simplicity instead of ostentation, voluntary poverty instead of countless riches, spiritual power instead of the perpetual cry for temporal power, the doctrine of Christ instead of the doctrine of Church councils, and the glad welcoming of every true, beautiful, wise, and wonderful discovery of the age into the symbolic teaching of our Creed." In a word, he calls on the Pope to make the Church Christian rather than Pagan.

When the letter is written, the aged prelate

seeks a few hours of rest, and on awakening finds Manuel by his side.

"Did you call me, my child?"

"Yes, dear friend." And Manuel smiled upon him with a look that conveyed the brightness of perfect love straight from the glance into the soul. "I need you for myself alone to-night. Come out with me!"

The Cardinal gazed at him in wonder that was half a fear.

Domine, qu vadis? his heart was asking, as he rose and followed the child into the black, rain-swept streets. They came, after long wandering, to a church, whose doors stood open night and day, and before a great cross they both knelt down to pray. The hour has come when the painful questionings, the mental struggles of Felix Bonpre are to be set at rest for ever. "Through the pulsation of solemn music he hears the voice of his child companion Manuel, but a voice grown full of Divine authority while yet possessing all human tenderness. 'Well done, good and faithful servant! Because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'" At that voice, "with a trembling sigh of death

and delight intermingled," the Cardinal falls forward "at the foot of the cross, where the radiance of his Master's presence shone like the sun in heaven." He was laid to rest in the shadow of his own Cathedral spires, and the roses he loved are growing into a canopy over his grave. But the child-wanderer had disappeared, and though many sought to trace him, no one could learn where he had gone. "Some say He has never disappeared, but that in some form or manifestation of wisdom He is ever with us, watching to see whether His work is well or ill done, whether His flocks are fed, or led astray to be devoured by wolves—whether His straight and simple commands are fulfilled or disobeyed. And the days grow dark and threatening, and life is more and more beset with difficulty and disaster, and the world is moving more and more swiftly on to its predestined end—and the churches are as stagnant pools, from whence Death is far more often born than Life. May we not ask ourselves often in these days the question, 'When the Son of Man cometh, think ye He shall find faith on earth?'" —Lorna, in the British Weekly.

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